THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Good News on All Fighting Fronts

By July 19 the war was going extraordinarily well for the United Nations on all fronts. In Russia the German offensive had been stopped entirely, and the Russian counter-offensive had made important gains. In the Pacific, we continued to knock Japanese planes out of the sky and Japanese ships out of the water; there were broad hints that an invasion of Kiska was about to begin. The victory over the submarine in the North Atlantic was emphasized by the news that in one engagement planes from a single small aircraft carrier on convoy duty almost certainly sank ten out of a pack of eleven U-boats. Best of all, in Sicily the Allied force was making amazingly rapid progress. There now seemed a strong probability that the Continent itself would be invaded before the autumn.

Political Warfare in Italy

Our present political warfare against the Italians seems the sort that should be effective. American liberals who have been worried about the attitude seemingly revealed in the Otto Hapsburg incident cannot complain of propaganda which tells the Italians to surrender unconditionally, throw out the fascists and thereafter set up any sort of non-fascist government that they please. We judge that the United Nations must have evidence their arguments are being well received. Otherwise they would hardly have dared to follow so promptly with the bombing of military objectives in Rome, despite the possible repercussion among Catholics throughout the world. The President made a pledge to the Pope that the Vatican and other religious institutions will be respected; but accurate bombing is difficult. We believe that sensible Catholics recognize this and that any of them who now objects proves thereby that he is on the side of the Axis.

The General Is Indiscreet

General Giraud professes to be only a simple soldier, not a diplomat, and his recent press interview in Ottawa seems to prove it. The General said that National Socialism—Nazism to you—has to its credit some magnificent accomplishments. Whether he then added that it has made the trains run on time, we don't know. We do know, however, that the General must have been an embarrassment to the American State Department, which has argued as one of its reasons for supporting Giraud that de Gaulle has fascist sympathies. We agree with Dr. L. M. Birkhead, Director of the Friends of Democracy, who promptly called upon the General for a list of the magnificent accomplishments referred to.

Disorganization in Production Areas

Past mistakes in contract distribution and plant location have come home to plague us in the congested areas that now play the dominant role in war production. The breakdown of the urban machinery of living is particularly serious in such communities as San Diego, Bremerton, Hampton Roads, Newport and Portsmouth. Doubling of the population in these communities has revealed great shortcomings in all facilities for housing, transportation, food distribution,

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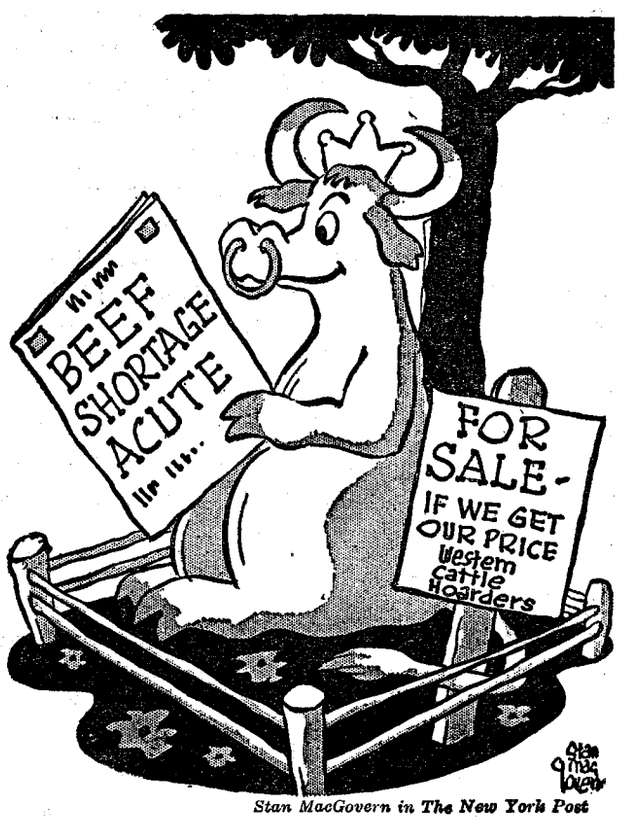
recreation, medical care and hospitalization. Until steps are taken to "decompress" these areas, and to provide for the necessities of the new population, absenteeism and turn-over will continue high, labor will refuse to come into these districts and war production will be impeded.

Tough Sledding

The most recent step to meet this situation came when the President created a Committee for Congested Production Areas composed of the heads of the most important federal agencies concerned with the problem. The President's administrative experts, however, ought to be warned that the problems in these production centers do not arise only from the recent increase in the population. They arise from telescoping fifty years of growth into one or two years, and the inevitable dislocation such abnormal development produces. The experts should also be warned that despite the war powers of the President, there are practical limits to federal interference with the horse-and-buggy county governments that control most of the suburban territory in which the new industrial population lives. Strong opposition is to be expected. But vice, disease and congestion do not recognize state or county lines.

Two-Edged Sword?

Business Week, one of the best edited of the publications addressed to business men, pointed out last week that the Smith-Connally Act might very well be a two-edged sword. Warning its readers not to be too elated, the magazine points out that the new subpoena powers granted to the National War Labor Board apply as well to industry as to labor, that under the act the government "interposes itself much further than before into labor-management affairs," that "private management is much less secure than heretofore," suggests that the government, under the express authority granted, will act much more quickly to take over strike-bound plants and that labor now "cannot be pushed down from its present high ground."



Stan MacGovern in The New York Post

The Golden Calf

Very few people, of course, read the text of the Smith-Connally bill prior to its passage; not many more have read the act now that it is law. The propaganda tag, "anti-strike law," which became attached to it, supplied about all the general knowledge as to what the bill contained. That tag, along with the known opposition of President Roosevelt, was all that was needed to bring practically all industrialists and much middle-class opinion to the support of the bill. Lest reactionary industrialists now take the passage of the bill as an indication that they have a free hand to engage in anti-labor activities, Business Week pointedly states that "it is still an unfair labor practice to fire strikers, discriminate against unionists or refuse to recognize and bargain with a union."

The Future of Greece

The recent speech by King George III of Greece is not to be taken at face value. The King promised that when Greece is liberated the present members of the Cabinet will resign to permit a national democratic election of the government. This is presumably what the Greek patriots, whose resistance through guerrilla warfare and general strikes marks one of the brightest spots in the dark history of Nazi conquest, would like to hear. It's good talk—but it's double talk.

The Greek people know that their present struggle is not only against the Nazis. The Nazi dictatorship has not made them forget the bloody Metaxas dictatorship—for which they largely have King George to thank. Accordingly, guerrilla warfare in Greece is political warfare—all of which justifies the King's uneasiness. His democratic gestures in Cairo are to be interpreted as the maneuvers of a man, unsure of himself, fishing for an invitation to come back home.

Nor is it to be forgotten that King George has not confined himself to gestures and overtures. One of Greece's ablest fighters, Colonel Zervas, who is hoping to take over leadership of the guerrilla groups, has sworn his loyalty to George III. It may well be that while the King is begging an invitation, he is at the same time trying to write that invitation himself.

Nurses Wanted

More than 34,000 nurses are now serving with the army and the navy, and another 30,000 must be added to this total in the next twelve months. The American

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Red Cross, official recruiting agency for the Army and Navy Nurse Corps, reports that unless enrolments increase, its War Reserve will soon be depleted. The Red Cross adds that more nurses in civilian hospitals must be convinced that their duty is first to the armed forces, and that a large number of the 35,000 girls graduating from nursing schools this year must be enrolled in the War Reserve. To relieve the inevitable shortage of nurses in civilian hospitals, the Red Cross this year is training 100,000 Volunteer Nurses' Aides to help in hospitals and is instructing 1,000,000 women in the fundamentals of home nursing. With this assurance that the medical home front will not be neglected, every effort must be made to recruit those nurses who are eligible for the Red Cross War Reserve.

Trouble in the Air

There have been many indications that foremost among the touchy and perilous problems which will face the post-war world will be the problem of international aviation. To Vice President Wallace's advocacy of "freedom of the air" Rep. Clare Boothe Luce has shouted her classically silly "globaloney." Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Berle, chairman of an interdepartmental committee on international aviation, has assured us that this country's interests in post-war aviation "are being safeguarded." In Great Britain fears have been expressed that the United States will have a head start because of our greater development of transport planes for use in the war. Unfortunately much of the discussion in Great Britain was of the sort that gives ammunition to those isolationist-imperialist Americans who under the guise of "holding on to what we have" want to grab whatever they can get their hands on throughout the world.

Recently the senatorial junket that is inspecting American troops and equipment abroad was instructed to investigate the terms of the agreements which provide for American-built military airports in foreign nations. Several Senators have expressed disapproval of the alleged provisions that six months after the end of the war these airports be turned over to the nations in which they are located. Senator Mead has made what he believes to be a modest proposal to the effect that "We certainly should have some concessions which would permit our commercial planes to land on the fields and use their facilities in the post-war era." We feel that despite Senator Mead's moderation he is starting the discussion off on the wrong level, one which opens the floor to the imperially minded isolationists on their own terms of debate. To press for American "rights," American "sovereignty," and eventually American ownership of airports scattered about the globe, is to weaken the foundations of post-war coöperation before these foundations are set in place. Which is, precisely, what the isolationists would like us to do.

Good Example

An interesting example of Negro-white coöperation in industry that has recently come to our attention is the one afforded by the Breslee Manufacturing Company in New York City. The company, which produces bomb-parachutes, life-raft sails, gun covers and other supplies for the armed forces, employs in its three plants some 1,000 workers, equally divided as to Negroes and whites. No segregation is practised in the shop: the two races work side by side in harmony, and are equally represented on the labor division of the company's labor-management committee.

The reactionary Southerners—and Northerners—who blame the occurrence of race riots on the breakdown of segregation and the increased mingling of Negroes and whites under war conditions, should have a few things to learn from the successful experiments in coöperation of the Breslee workers. While the problem which Negroes and whites must solve in learning to live together in society is a complicated one, industrial relations offer an immediate basis for working out such a solution. The representation of Negroes on labor-management committees, in connection with intensive educational campaigns within the trade unions, by helping to establish harmony in industry, should go a long way toward improving conditions in society at large.

Mr. Wallace Walks the Plank

THE PRESIDENT'S ACTION in the case of the Jones-Wallace dispute is the most severe shock to his liberal followers since he has been in office, with the possible exception of his negative aid to Franco during the Spanish civil war. We do not intend to cry over spilled milk; but it is important to reëxamine the whole situation and see where we stand today.

It was obviously impossible, in the middle of a war for our national existence, to continue such public recriminations as those between the Vice President and the Secretary of Commerce. It is obviously desirable, too, that economic warfare should be conducted under one roof and one administrator. But when you have said these two things, you have said all that is on the right side of the ledger for the President; and there is much that is on the wrong side.

Let it be noted that while Mr. Wallace made the first public statement, he was not the aggressor in this fight. Jesse Jones had been doing his best to hamstring the Board of Economic Warfare for many months. He had campaigned against Mr. Wallace in Congress; and it is a painful commentary on the quality of that body to note that Jones has more friends there than the Vice President: his easygoing, dull and conservative banker's mentality strikes a wider response than Mr. Wallace's

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accurate knowledge of economic trends and vision of a future better world. The Vice President acted not in self-aggrandizement or bureaucratic jealousy but in the interest of the war. Mr. Jones acted strictly in his own interest. One does not need to recite again the facts of Jones's dereliction to duty in failing to stockpile previous raw materials for the war. He did not deliberately intend to help the Germans and the Japanese, but the effect was about the same. The Board of Economic Warfare is no all-perfect, miracle agency; presumably it has sins to its discredit; but it looks pretty wonderful when stacked up against what the Texas banker has failed to do. The very fact that at this moment we are not worrying about shortages of some of the raw materials which were alarmingly scarce in the early days of the war shows how well the BEW has done that part of its job. And, of course, there are other important aspects as well. Next in value to getting materials for ourselves is keeping them from the enemy. Indeed, whatever you can do to cripple him economically is a gain in total war.

President Roosevelt pretended that there was no time, in the midst of a war, to stop and judge the merits of the Wallace-Jones dispute. But this was a political expedient that will deceive no one. All well informed people in Washington, and for that matter in the whole United States, knew that Wallace was right, and that Jones should have been removed from office long ago. The only reason he has kept his job is the familiar one that the President is constitutionally incapable of firing his friends. But to be neutral in this case is to gamble dangerously with the efficiency of our war effort. It is as though the judge on the bench sent both the prosecuting attorney and the defendant to jail, on the ground that the dispute before him was too complicated for him to understand.

In the background is the ugly fact that the conservatives, who have long and steadily been gaining power in Washington, have formed a cabal to prevent the renomination of Mr. Wallace if the President runs for a fourth term. Their ostensible reason is that Mr. Wallace is not politically popular; but there is no reliable evidence that this is true. He failed to carry his own state in 1940; but Iowa is normally a rockribbed Republican community and it would be a miracle if it ever stayed very long in the Democratic column. The public-opinion polls give Wallace a high rating of popularity. Certainly he is the only man, with the exception of Wendell Willkie, whose vision of the post-war world has caught the imagination of the plain people.

Since Wallace was doing a good job and Jones a bad one, the President's action is universally construed as a slap at the former. It is interesting to know the history of the decision. It was taken, we are told, in a conference attended by the President, Harry Hopkins, Judge Sam Rosenman, Jimmie Byrnes, Wayne Coy and Harold Smith, Director of the Budget. Apparently Hopkins, Rosenman and Byrnes were opposed to the Vice President. Wayne Coy was vigorously in his favor, and Smith favored him for special reasons. It will be seen that the controlling majority of the President's advisers consisted of men who have never been recognized as liberals in any sense that the liberals themselves would accept. They have been New Dealers out of personal devotion to President Roosevelt. When and in so far as the President turns anti-New Deal, they do the same. Where the President stood, we do not know. Drew Pearson, in a radio broadcast on July 18, said that the President was embarrassed because some months ago Jones had persuaded him to sign a number of letters approving Jones's acts, which the President did without realizing their significance. We refuse to believe, however, that Mr. Roosevelt would be moved by any such consideration.

Until last week, there were only two government agencies left in Washington in which New Deal ways of thinking prevailed, or New Dealers had any important part—the BEW and the Federal Communications Commission. Now there is only one, and it is the subject of a remorseless vendetta by Representative Cox. An important casualty is Milo Perkins, one of the three or four ablest men in Washington.

Whether Leo T. Crowley, the new administrator of the Office of Economic Warfare, will do a good job, we do not know. The subject is one about which he knows nothing, and few governments would have the courage in the middle of a war to pitch an inexperienced man into such an important post. Mr. Crowley is a well known Catholic layman, who advises the President on church affairs. He is also chairman of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, a government agency, and chairman of the board of a big public-utility company, Standard Gas and Electric, which pays him $60,000 a year. Further, he is Alien Property Custodian, and apparently he intends to keep all three of these jobs and conduct the Office of Economic Warfare in his spare time, despite its tremendous importance.

The President complained, about the Wallace-Jones dispute, that we must have unity in wartime. But unity can be attained at too high a cost if it hampers the war effort itself. The President also was distressed when The New Republic, for instance, complained of inadequate steel production and criticized dollar-a-year men from the steel industry who were sitting on the lid. Yet the hullabaloo that was then raised broke the steel bottleneck. The tragic fact is that Mr. Roosevelt won't do anything about any situation until a violent public storm has been created regarding it. Most of the reforms that Mr. Wallace asked for will now be made.

We don't expect, and we certainly don't recommend, that the American progressives, whether trade union-

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ists, farmers or independents in the middle class, should turn against the President because of his action. We certainly hope Vice President Wallace will not resign but on the contrary will continue vigorously his fight for liberalism now and in the peace. We trust the country will rally to his support sufficiently to frighten the smart boys out of their present intention of making Mr. Byrnes vice-presidential nominee instead of Mr. Wallace. The lesson for the liberals, however, is plain. They have made a mistake in putting too many of their eggs in the White House basket. The progressive movement will never be secure so long as it depends so largely on the whims and erratic impulses of a single individual who is—perhaps necessarily—playing power politics. We need a solid liberal contingent at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

Britain and America

THE SUPREME IMPORTANCE for the future of the world of British-American coöperation, which was the major theme of Prime Minister Churchill's Guildhall speech, will be admitted without much question by the majority of the citizens of this country. It has become, in fact, almost like one of those accepted maxims of conduct which are taken for granted, with little thought that they are likely to be honored more in the breach than in the observance.

As Walter Lippmann points out in his book on American foreign policy, we have found ourselves ranged on Britain's side in most of the great world crises for more than a century. This has occurred without much forethought and without any binding commitments; it therefore may be taken as proof of the fundamental common interests of the two nations. If there should be another world war, it probably would occur again, with or without any promises on either side. That fact has a value as far as it goes: taken into consideration by any who are likely to disturb the peace, it will help to give them pause. But much more than this is necessary if the peace itself is to inaugurate "the century of the common man" and is to avoid giving occasion for new wars. And it is precisely in the periods when crises are brewing, but have not yet become inevitable, that British-American coöperation has been most sadly lacking or, when it has existed, has been given the wrong direction.

We made a bad beginning after the last war by undertaking relief on a national rather than on an international basis, scrapping the machinery of war coöperation that men of good will in Britain were anxious to preserve. Mistakes by both Wilson and Lloyd George led to the faults in the peace treaties. Then began a long series of actions at cross-purposes. We declined to join the League; Britain, though adhering to it, gave it only half-hearted support as long as a Conservative government ruled in London. We embarked on a new period of tariff protection in spite of the fact that we had become a creditor nation; Great Britain inaugurated her system of imperial tariff preference.

Faced by a surplus of shipping, we tried to maintain our merchant marine by subsidy, while Britain strove to regain her dominant position through every device of competition. The controversy about payment of the war debt not only poisoned British-American relations but it led to the reparations muddle and was one of the main causes of economic breakdown in the German Republic. The great depression was preceded by disagreements over central banking policy. Even though the New Deal was looked on with enthusiasm by liberal Englishmen, it was, in its early stages, intensely nationalistic.

This kind of thing can happen again if the wrong forces hold power in the respective nations. Progressive liberals in both countries usually see eye to eye, or at least enough so in order to permit arrival at a common policy. It is the conservatives who are ultra-nationalistic in both nations, and adopt measures which drive them apart. In politics, British conservatives adhere to traditions of imperialism which alienate Amercans of almost all persuasions. Our conservatives have recently been more isolationist than imperialist, but there is little to choose between these two positions as bars to international coöperation, and indeed the transition from isolationism to imperialism is easy. In economic affairs, it is always the conservatives who plump for protection and subsidies to business, and who fight the competitive battles for world trade and financial control.

This time we may not have exactly the same issues over which to quarrel as before, but there are plenty of others to take their places. If there is by some miracle no surplus of shipping, there will at least be a chance to fight for control of the immense air-transport development. There will be the British-Dutch rubber cartel versus the American synthetic-rubber industry. The British need for food, as well as the whole prospect of adequate nutrition for the world, will stand vis-a-vis our monopolistic farm bloc. Already the White and Keynes plans for currency stabilization, different in detail but seeking the same purposes by somewhat similar means, and both the product of progressive experts, are being attacked by conservative banking interests. Further and necessary expressions of economic internationalism will certainly meet opposition by Republicans and reactionary Democrats, if not by British conservatives.

More important to both nations and the world even than these hazards in the international field is the need to adopt an expansionist economic policy which will provide full employment at home. Here, too, the conservatives are ranged on one side and the progressives

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on the other. It is true that in this as in other matters British conservatives, having lost their foreign investments and being pushed closer to the brink of disaster by the war than our own, seem to have come further in their thinking and appear to be ready for more radical measures. But if we follow the old pattern—such a pattern as is foreshadowed by the present congressional majority—British conservatives are likely to regress, and also to retain power, since Britain will be forced to fight tooth and nail for her means of subsistence.

Finally there is the fact that British-American coöperation, though necessary, is not enough. If both nations were united on exclusive policies, they would soon earn the fear and hostility of the rest of the world. On the very lowest terms, Russia and China must be brought into the circle of coöperation. But neither of them can or will follow the tendencies of imperialism in a British-American attempt at condominium. Both are sure to be alienated by the measures which backward-looking governments in the English-speaking nations are likely to adopt. Nothing, therefore, is more essential to future peace than the victory of progressive democratic forces in the Anglo-American realms.

A President on the Mob Spirit

WE PUBLISH BELOW an extract from a speech made by a President of the United States. We suggest that you read it before you glance to the end to learn the authorship.

I take the liberty of addressing you upon a subject which so vitally affects the honor of the nation and the very character and integrity of our institutions that I trust you will think me justified in speaking very plainly about it.

I allude to the mob spirit which has recently here and there very frequently shown its head amongst us, not in any single region, but in many and widely separated parts of the country. There have been many lynchings, and every one of them has been a blow at the heart of ordered law and human justice. No man who loves America, no man who really cares for her fame and honor and character, or who is truly loyal to her institutions, can justify mob actions while the courts of justice are open and the governments of the states and the nation are ready and able to do their duty. We are at this very moment fighting lawless passion. Germany has outlawed herself among the nations because she has disregarded the sacred obligations of law and has made lynchers of her armies. Lynchers emulate her disgraceful example. I, for my part, am anxious to see every community in America rise above that level, with pride and fixed resolution which no man or act of men can afford to despise.

We proudly claim to be the champions of democracy. If we really are, in deed and in truth, let us see to it that we do not discredit our own. I say plainly that every American who takes part in the action of a mob or gives it any sort of countenance is no true son of this great democracy, but its betrayer, and does more to discredit her by that single disloyalty to her standards of law and of right than the words of her statesmen or the sacrifices of her heroic boys in the trenches can do to make suffering peoples believe her to be their savior. How shall we commend democracy to the acceptance of other peoples, if we disgrace our own by proving that it is, after all, no protection to the weak? Every mob contributes to German lies about the United States what her most gifted liars cannot improve upon by way of calumny. They can at least say that such things cannot happen in Germany, except in times of revolution, when law is swept away.

I, therefore, very earnestly and solemnly beg that the Governors of all the states, the law officers of every community, and, above all, the men and women of every community in the United States, all who revere America and wish to keep her name without stain or reproach, will cooperate—not passively merely, but actively and watchfully—to make an end of this disgraceful evil. It cannot live where the community does not countenance it.

I have called upon the nation to put its great energy into this war, and it has responded—responded with a spirit and a genius for action that has thrilled the world. I now call upon it, upon its men and women everywhere, to see that its laws are kept inviolate, its fame untarnished. Let us show our utter contempt for the things that have made this war hideous among the wars of history by showing how those who love liberty and right and justice and are willing to lay down their lives for them upon foreign fields, stand ready also to illustrate to all mankind their loyalty to the things at home which they wish to see established everywhere as a blessing and protection to the peoples who have never known the privileges of liberty and self-government. I can never accept any man as a champion of liberty, either for ourselves or for the world, who does not reverence and obey the laws of our own beloved land, whose laws we ourselves have made. He has adopted the standard of the enemies of his country, whom he affects to despise.

The foregoing remarks are from an address by President Woodrow Wilson at Washington, D. C., on July 16, 1918.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Sinarquism in the United States

SINARQUISMO, Mexico's brand of fascism, is rapidly becoming a hotly debated political issue in the United States. Its opponents point to the danger which the movement, if unchecked, presents to the security of our Southwestern states, with their large Mexican minority, and to continued friendly relations with our neighbor south of the Rio Grande. The apologists for Sinarquismo not only deny that it is a threat to our democratic way of life, but look upon it as the "only hope" for the future of Mexico.

The recent riots in Los Angeles between United States servicemen and the so-called "zoot-suiters," many of whom were Mexicans, once more brought the Sinarquista threat to public attention. Hints to the effect that the Sinarquistas might have had a hand in the riots appeared in the press. On June 21, 1943, Pedro B. Villaseñor, former regional chief of the Unión Nacional Sinarquista for Southern California, and Martin Cabrera, local Los Angeles chief, appeared before California's Tenney Committee which previously had whitewashed the Sinarquistas. Their testimony, as one might expect, was altogether irrelevant. They denied emphatically that the Sinarquistas had had anything to do with the disturbances.

Even if the Sinarquistas were not involved, the occurrence of the Los Angeles riots is symptomatic of the tense social situation which exists in our Southwestern states. The basic causes of the riots—the discrimination, poverty, insecurity and low social status of our Mexican minority—play into the hands of the Sinarquistas and their propaganda. As long as the many social and economic grievances of our Mexicans remain unheeded, they will be easy prey for a movement which exploits these complaints. For, like all fascist movements, Sinarquismo offers considerable psychological compensation to those whose self-respect has been seriously hurt.

Sinarquismo, with its utopian program of prosperity and social peace for all, and its extremely nationalistic aspirations for the future of Mexico, is eminently suited to appeal to our underprivileged Mexican minority. The failure of local, state and federal authorities to redress the grievances of our Mexicans has seriously undermined their confidence in our government and democracy. The war has by no means diminished, but rather accentuated, the problem. While some of the industries in which Mexicans were employed, such as construction work and textiles, have been closed down, new industries, especially shipyards and airplane factories, have frequently discriminated against Mexicans in their hiring policies. Thus, the Sinarquista program, vague, confused and contradictory as it may be, easily appeals to discontented Mexicans.

As long as the Mexicans are excluded from active participation in our social and economic life, they will look upon Mexico as their fatherland. Sinarquismo, nationalistic and apparently revolutionary, will appear particularly attractive to those who not only are social outcasts in the country where they live, but also feel themselves abandoned by the Mexican government. Sinarquismo's frank admission that it is "unalterably opposed to the existing social, political and economic order in Mexico," will appeal to Mexicans in the United States.

Moreover, Sinarquismo is openly anti-American. Its ideology is diametrically opposed to the American ideals of liberty and democracy. Therefore the Sinarquistas are bent upon preventing the further extension of American influence in Mexico. In order to arouse chauvinistic sentiment against her northern neighbor, the Sinarquistas are reviving national resentment of historical wrongs, real and imaginary. The Mexican War of 1846 is played up as Mexico's greatest national calamity and the United States is dubbed "the invader." Sinarquista publications continually deplore the "materialism" of American culture. American foreign policy is stamped "vile Yankee imperialism" and the efforts of American Protestant missionaries are decried as "a manifestation of aggressive American politics," designed to undermine Mexico's national unity. Violently opposed to Pan-Americanism, the Sinarquistas are prone to emphasize that the United States is a country with different customs and traditions, with another religion and a strange language. On the other hand, the Spanish heritage is glorified and Pan-Hispanism is advocated as against Pan-Americanism.

In view of the anti-Americanism of Sinarquismo, it is not surprising that the Sinarquistas were strongly opposed to Mexico's entry into the war on the side of the United Nations. Even after this event, the Sinarquistas, in spite of lip-service in support of the Mexican war effort, were not overly enthusiastic. On the contrary, their organ, El Sinarquista, frequently admonishes the Sinarquista membership not to lessen their activities on behalf of the movement lest the Communists and their other enemies take advantage of the war situation to liquidate Sinarquismo. The Axis powers have never been publicly condemned by the Sinarquistas. On the other hand, the good faith of the United States and Great Britain in drawing up the Atlantic Charter is repeatedly doubted. Conscription and military instruction have been severely criticized and the demand has been made that no Mexican soldier be sent to fight abroad. On November 26, 1942, El Sinarquista reported that the mere rumor that Mexican soldiers might be sent overseas had caused "great

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anxiety and discontent" among the people. Strangely, except for a few reactionary ones, no other Mexican newspaper had heard of these rumors. Obviously, they had been planted by the Sinarquistas themselves.

The same rumors, spread in the United States, may seriously interfere with the induction of American citizens of Mexican extraction into the armed forces. On January 24, 1943, the Los Angeles Regional Committee of the Unión Nacional Sinarquista published a small sheet named, like its prototype in Mexico, El Sinarquista. In addition to publishing a declaration of Mexico's Secretary of National Defense, Lázaro Cárdenas, that Mexican soldiers will not be sent to foreign war fronts, it also printed an article captioned "A Diabolical Plan of the Bolshevist Party," which reads: "We have learned from a very reliable source that the extremists of the left have conceived a plan, which we do not hesitate to call diabolical, to further and assure the triumph of their subversive movement in Mexico. The resumé of this plan is: To achieve the sending of regular troops, that is, the National Army, to foreign fronts, leaving the country unarmed, its internal security and government in the hands of the civilian militia, controlled and directed by the communist element. This element, once controlling the armed forces of Mexico, will utilize them to realize their subversive plans." The fantastic maliciousness of this rumor, published in the United States, is indicative of the Sinarquista attitude toward the war.

In the course of the past year the Sinarquistas have actively interfered with American-Mexican relations. They have violently opposed the arrangements made between the governments of the two countries for the temporary transfer of Mexican laborers to work in the United States. Again, rumor is the particular technique employed to obstruct the war effort of the two countries. El Sinarquista repeatedly suggested that Mexican workers are unwilling to leave their homeland, that work in the United States is hard, insecure and unprofitable. On October 29, 1942, El Sinarquista reported that in view of the fact that American dollars had the same purchasing power in the United States as the equivalent amount of pesos in Mexico, Mexican workers should stay home "if they did not wish to return soon with sick bodies, empty purses and disappointed hopes." Finally, to undermine the program for the importation of Mexicans into this country for war work, El Sinarquista alleged that "all Mexicans who reside in the United States must enlist in the United States Army."

It is against this background of the social and economic deprivations of our Mexican population in the Southwest and the violent anti-Americanism of Sinarquismo that the extension of Sinarquista activities across the American-Mexican border must be understood. The growth of Sinarquismo among our Mexican minority is not accidental, but is fostered by a favorable social situation. Moreover, Sinarquista doctrine, like all fascist theory, is predicated upon an intense nationalism which does not stop at state boundaries. It may sound ridiculous now that Sinarquismo looks upon Texas and California as lost territories which some day may be returned to Mexico. But as a political weapon on the propaganda front, the fostering of an active irredentism among Mexicans living in the United States is a living reality. The organizational mobilization of Mexicans living in the United States through the establishment of local committees is a natural outgrowth of Sinarquista ideology.

The allegation that there are in California alone 50,000 active Sinarquistas, recently made in the American press by the Mexican anti-Sinarquista Deputy Felix Díaz Escobar, is not only untrue, but may even be considered harmful to an accurate appraisal of the role of Sinarquismo in this country. A liberal estimate would put the total numerical strength of the American Sinarquistas at about 2,500. As a matter of fact, the present numerical strength of the movement in this country does not matter much. What is important is that this relatively small membership is organized in a large series of local committees which are perfectly integrated into the Mexican organization and completely subservient to the National Committee of the movement in Mexico City. The American Sinarquistas receive their orders directly from Mexico City or through the four Regional Committees which have been set up in Los Angeles and Bakersfield, California, and in El Paso and McAllen, Texas. Regardless of what their numerical strength is, the organizational accomplishments of the Sinarquistas may be considered a success.

The Sinarquistas have established as many as fifty, if not more, local committees in areas where Mexicans are concentrated, especially in Texas and California. In California Sinarquista committees exist today throughout the state. In Southern California, with Los Angeles as the center, Sinarquista committees have been set up in Colton, Oxnard, San Diego, Santa Isabel, Watts, Claremont, Ontario, San Bernadino, Santa Ana, Van Nuys, Belvedere, La Verne, Pomona, San Gabriel, Santo Toribio, Whittier, Azusa, El Monte, Pacoima, San Fernando, Santa Paula, Wilmington and possibly a number of other localities. The northern branch includes the Regional Committee at Bakersfield and local groups in Antioch, Fresno, Pittsburg, Battonwillow, Hanford, San Francisco, Crockett, Pismo Beach, Fowler and Richmond.

In Texas, Sinarquista committees have been organized, from El Paso and McAllen as centers, in the upper and lower Rio Grande Valley. The El Paso region includes committees in Fabens, Ysleta, Fort Hancock, Clint and possibly in Arizona and New Mexico. The McAllen Regional Committee has jurisdiction over local groups in Edinburg, Weslaco, Laredo and

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Mission. Recently the Sinarquistas have extended their field of operations further north, establishing local committees in Aurora, Illinois, and Indiana Harbor, Indiana. They may also be active in other Mexican communities throughout the country, but because of the war, their activities seem to have become more clandestine than ever before.

All of these committees are organized along lines laid down by the National Committee in Mexico City. Lines of responsibility run from top to bottom. Each subcommittee is subject to the control of a municipal or regional committee. The regional chief is in direct contact with the national chief whose orders he relays to the municipal and rural chiefs. In this way strict discipline is maintained. Circular letters keep the committees informed of the movement's plans and give instructions. Any deviation from orders is severely punished and lukewarm members are either fined or excluded from the organization. It is this highly centralized and hierarchical form of organization, not numerical strength, which makes the Sinarquistas so strong and dangerous in this country. The local committees are nuclei of small groups of politically trained and ideologically fanatic fighters whose devotion to the cause of Sinarquismo is more important than a poorly organized and unreliable membership of tens of thousands. These nuclei are willing and able to act at a moment's notice. We can expect any order whose execution is feasible to be carried out.

Sinarquismo in Mexico, estimated to include today more than half a million organized members, has grown very rapidly in the six years of its existence because of the fanatical zeal of its organizers. Not even the Nazis can equal its record. Naturally, in the United States, Sinarquista organizers face a more difficult task. But their devotion may be gathered from the existence of the many Sinarquista nuclei. Crack organizers usually proceed from the regional centers. Such organizers as Pedro Villaseñor and Baltazar Luna in Los Angeles, Porfirio Rivera in Bakersfield, Antonio Martínez in the San Francisco area, Ramón Ramirez in El Paso, Jesus Davila in McAllen and Luis Verduzco in the Chicago area, have done an excellent job in view of their limited resources. Sometimes organizers are sent from Mexico to get into contact with the American committees and to give added impetus to the Sinarquista movement in this country. Felipe Navarro, regional chief from Sonora and a member of the Sinarquista National Committee, made an extensive propaganda tour of the United States in the fall of 1941. Similarly, the manager of El Sinarquista, José Neder Quinones, formerly of El Paso, Texas, has wide contacts in this country. Recently two prominent Sinarquistas, both National Committee members, toured the Eastern, Midwestern and Southern part of this country. About this episode, more later.

The establishment of new Sinarquista committees is a primary objective of the regional committees. Usually one or two organizers are sent out for the purpose of making an initial contact with a local Mexican, possibly the local Mexican priest. Then a meeting is arranged at which films of Sinarquista activities are shown, Sinarquista doctrine is discussed and literature is distributed. This may not necessarily lead to the establishment of a committee, but if enough persons are interested, a local chief is appointed who is charged with organizing a committee. The present geographical distribution of local committees, especially in the Los Angeles region, exemplifies the methodical procedure.

Prior to the outbreak of war the American Sinarquistas used to hold many open meetings for the purpose of attracting new members. For the most part these were regional meetings. Concentration of Sinarquistas from the entire region in one locality made these meetings particularly impressive. Flag ceremonies, public prayers and the militant character of the meeting made a deep impression on the participants and increased their fervor for Sinarquismo. In the last year, with public attention aroused, the Sinarquistas have given up holding large meetings and prefer to bring candidates for membership to their homes, where they attract less attention. How careful the Sinarquistas have become appears from the already mentioned issue of El Sinarquista of Los Angeles. According to an item in this paper the Sinarquistas of Watts, a very active subcommittee in the Los Angeles area, now hold their meetings every Monday evening at different homes, allegedly "because we have thought of giving an opportunity to learn what Sinarquismo is to many members of our families who cannot leave home for one reason or another." This notice betrays the fact that the Sinarquistas may have gone underground. At least it suggests that they desire to avoid attention.

The most important and effective propaganda medium of the Sinarquistas is their weekly newspaper, El Sinarquista. This virulent sheet, which has never said anything favorable about the United States, but is outspokenly anti-American, is widely distributed throughout this country. In spite of the paper's being barred from the mails, hundreds of copies still circulate here. This is made possible by the existence of Sinarquista groups along both sides of the American-Mexican border, where smuggling El Sinarquista into the country is an easy matter. In addition to the communities where Sinarquista committees have been established, El Sinarquista is read in many other localities where no organized Sinarquista groups exist but where the distribution of the paper may lead to organized activity. It is not unusual to see El Sinarquista copies sold on Sundays in front of Mexican churches. How important an instrument of propaganda the Sinarquistas deem their publication to be appears from a statement in the July 3, 1941, issue, which expresses the hope that El Sinar-

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quista will become "the most widely circulated Mexican paper among our co-nationals residing in North America."

The American Sinarquistas also distribute a great amount of propaganda material, other than El Sinarquista, which is brought in from Mexico. Among this material the most effective pamphlets are: the "Programa Sinarquista," which has also appeared in English, explaining Sinarquista doctrine, "Canciones y Corridos Sinarquistas," a song book, and the famous booklet, "Mexico en 1960," which describes what Mexico will look like in 1960 after Sinarquista ascension to power. Moreover, the Los Angeles Regional Committee, undoubtedly the most active in this country, has published a pamphlet, "Sinarquismo Es la Unica Salvación de Mexico," and it also publishes at irregular intervals a small American edition of El Sinarquista.

A glance at all these publications suggests what Sinarquismo tries to achieve. The Sinarquista alternative to Mexico's present democratic government is an authoritarian regime in which democratic parliamentary procedure is replaced by the leadership principle, and in which liberalism, especially freedom of thought, speech and religion, is eliminated. The Church is to be the intellectual and spiritual guide of all citizens, and labor unions are abolished in favor of a state-controlled syndical system. Nationalism will be the driving force in this new state, which will assure Mexico a "place in the sun." When Alfonso Trueba, Sinarquista propaganda chief, declared in El Sinarquista of November 13, 1941, that "we want the radical transformation of the liberal, capitalist and revolutionary regime of injustice, and we demand that this regime must be destroyed, even though we might be called Fascists," he characterized Sinarquista ideology as what it is: fascism pure and simple.

Promising everything to everybody, land to the peasants, large estates to the landowners, profits to the capitalists and security to the workers, Sinarquismo adapts the well known pattern of fascist propaganda to the Mexican scene. At the same time the Sinarquistas attack all those who stand in their way to power: labor unions, rural reserves, agricultural coöperatives, government officials, the Mexican Revolutionary Party and many other individuals and organizations. The bogey of communism is artificially stimulated and everything disliked by the Sinarquistas—socialized education, labor unions, rural reserves, the agrarian system and all the other accomplishments of the Mexican Revolution—is dubbed "communist." When Time magazine of New York published an article on the Sinarquistas on January 11, 1943, blaming them for the outbreak of violence in the state of Zacatecas, El Sinarquista promptly replied on March 25, 1943, labeling Mr. Luce's publication, "Bolshevistic." In this manner the Sinarquistas have copied their European masters.

Recently the American Sinarquistas distributed in the form of a handbill a letter allegedly written by Salvador Abascal, former National Chief and now head of the Sinarquista colonization project in Lower California, to Sam Dawson, one-time AP correspondent in Tucson, Arizona (himself, so far as I know, not in sympathy with Sinarquismo). The letter grossly exaggerates the success of the Lower California colony, and serves as excellent propaganda material to induce American Sinarquistas and sympathizers to continued support of the various colonization projects established in Lower California, Sonora and Tamaulipas. The Tamaulipas Colony is located close to the American border in Matamoros, near Brownsville, Texas. Financial support of these colonies is a major function of the Sinarquistas in this country. A glance at the regular column in El Sinarquista where the contributions from the various local committees seem to be faithfully recorded, indicates that in comparison to the Mexican committees the contributions from this country are quite considerable. The colonization projects excellently serve Sinarquista propaganda. They appear, in contrast to the often vague and uncoördinated doctrines of Sinarquismo, as concrete demonstrations of Sinarquista achievement.

Sinarquismo has been very favorably received by segments of the Mexican press in the Southwest. The two most important Mexican dailies, La Opinión of Los Angeles and La Prensa of San Antonio, both published by Ignacio E. Lozano, have not only given favorable treatment to the development of Sinarquismo in Mexico, but have never exposed the true nature of the movement and its threat to democracy. They have thus become valuable carriers of Sinarquista propaganda. In view of their wide distribution and great influence among our Mexican minority, the effect of this type of concealed propaganda must be taken seriously.

Perhaps even more serious is the favorable reception which Sinarquismo has received from the three most important clerical weeklies published in the Southwest. La Esperanza, published by the Claretian Fathers in Los Angeles, and Revista Católica, a Jesuit weekly put out in El Paso, both distinguished by their continual praise of the Franco dictatorship in Spain, have frequently expressed their predilection for Sinarquismo. La Voz, the official organ of the Archdiocese of San Antonio, has also carried a number of apologies for Sinarquismo, among them an article by Jesus M. Davila, Sinarquista Regional Chief of McAllen, which appeared on September 9, 1941. All three of these clerical weeklies are extremely influential among the Mexican clergy in this country. A well disposed clergy in turn facilitates the propaganda and organizational efforts of the Sinarquistas.

In view of the limited financial resources of the Sinarquista membership it might be assumed that their propaganda must necessarily be limited, for successful

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propaganda and recruiting are impossible without extensive funds. However, it has recently come to light that the Sinarquistas in the United States enjoy powerful backing which permits crack organizers from Mexico to travel widely through this country and to spread the gospel of Sinarquismo.

In April of this year four Mexican Sinarquista organizers, Roberto Carriedo, Efrain Pardo, Alfonso Trueba and Juan Ignacio Padilla, toured the United States. Two of them are well known officers of the Sinarquista National Committee in Mexico City. Trueba, one of the founders of the movement, is its present chief of propaganda and an editor of El Sinarquista. Juan Padilla, who is in charge of the Sinarquista colonization schemes, is also an editor of the paper. The tour of these organizers was sponsored by the Interamerican Catholic Institute of Washington, D. C., an organization headed by Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara of Kansas City. In an obvious effort to disguise their true identity, the four organizers pretended to be "students" from the University of Mexico. They visited a number of Catholic universities, colleges and organizations in the East, Middle West and South, lecturing on the merits of Sinarquismo and making contact with American Sinarquista groups. In Chicago, for instance, the local Sinarquistas arranged a meeting at San Francisco Hall. The meeting followed the usual pattern of a fascist rally. When a young Mexican, not a Sinarquista, asked some embarrassing questions, he was quickly forced to shut up.

How much money Bishop O'Hara's institute made available to these Sinarquista organizers is not known. But it is becoming ever more apparent that the Sinarquistas not only enjoy the support of the aggressively political wing of the Catholic clergy, but also that their propaganda and organizational activities are widely endorsed by other Catholic clergymen. Father Coughlin's praise of Sinarquismo, which he favorably compared with Franco's and Mussolini's movements in his Social Justice of September 29, 1941, was not an isolated phenomenon. The Brooklyn Tablet, although denying that Sinarquismo is endorsed by or connected with the Catholic Church, has published lengthy, eulogistic apologies for Sinarquismo under the signature of its associate editor, the Rev. Jerome Holland, as far back as November 28, 1941, and as recently as May 1, 1943. Again, this is not an individual phenomenon. Similar apologies have appeared in The Witness of Dubuque, Iowa, The Tidings of Los Angeles, and the influential weekly, America.

One of the most important Catholic propagandists of Sinarquismo in this country is the Rev. Alcuin Heibel of Mount Angel College, Oregon. He has frankly admitted his close connections with the leaders of the Unión Nacional Sinarquista in Mexico. Recently he has published a new translation of the Sinarquista program entitled "Synarchism, A Complete Summary of Its Progress and Principles," which is widely circulated throughout the United States.

In spite of assertions to the contrary, it is known that local Mexican priests have given their support to Sinarquista groups. How important is the endorsement which the Sinarquistas receive from Catholic clergymen, appears from a contrast of the situation in Los Angeles and San Antonio. Both cities have sizable Mexican communities. But in contrast to Los Angeles, with its strong Sinarquista group, San Antonio, in spite of its larger Mexican population, has none. This is quite likely due to the fact that Father Carmelo Tranchese of the Guadelupe Church in the heart of San Antonio's Mexican quarter is more interested in improving living conditions among Mexicans than in politics. On the other hand, his colleague at the Guadelupe Church in Los Angeles, Father Manuel A. Canseco, has repeatedly defended the Sinarquistas as "young men and women of the highest integrity who have recognized the disorders caused in Mexico by the Communists."

Although much has been said and written about the threat of Sinarquismo and its possible tie-up with the Axis powers, nothing has been done in this country to cope with the Sinarquista movement's efforts to undermine the loyalty of our Mexicans and to hamper the war effort. To some degree the reason lies in the waiting, tolerant attitude which a democratic society adopts toward dissentient elements; to some degree it lies in the fact that the Mexican government until recently appeased the Sinarquistas, fearing that suppression might lead to unrest and disturbance of Mexico's national unity, which is essential at this time. But the Sinarquistas have never sincerely accepted the truce offered by the Mexican government, and recently the latter, in view of Sinarquista opposition to the war and serious clashes with political opponents, gave up its appeasement policy. On April 28, 1943, the Attorney General of Mexico, José Aguilar y Maya, issued an order requiring that no public meeting be held without previous permission and a clear statement of the purpose of the meeting. In a statement to the press, the Mexican Attorney General pointed out that the order was immediately directed against the Unión Nacional Sinarquista which "might become a problem because of its numerical strength. . . . If the Unión Nacional Sinarquista announces its abstention from voting when the exercise of the ballot is not only a right but a civic duty, what purpose can these Sinarquista meetings have? . . . They were producing political agitation . . . and fostering actual conflict in the labor unions. . . . We are now in a situation when the preservation of internal tranquility is absolutely necessary. . . . "

This new forceful attitude of the Mexican government should strengthen the hand of the United States Government in dealing with the Sinarquistas. That the federal government is aware of the Sinarquista threat

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is well known. Last fall a field representative of the War Manpower Commission in Los Angeles pointed to the danger which the Sinarquistas represent to the advancement of the war program among our Mexican population. Early in December, 1942, the Office of War Information announced a drive to inform the Mexican population of Los Angeles about United States war aims and to win them to more active participation in the war effort. The program was specifically designed to counteract the pro-fascist and anti-American propaganda of the Sinarquistas among our Mexican minority. The Department of Justice, under the provisions of the Foreign Agents Registration Act, has sufficient power to cope effectively with the Sinarquistas. Ultimately, however, the influence of the Sinarquistas among our Mexicans depends on the treatment which we accord that minority. As long as the basic grievances of the American Mexicans remain unsatisfied, they may turn to a movement such as the Unión Nacional Sinarquista which promises to satisfy some of their basic social and economic needs.

ENRIQUE L. PRADO

Goodbye, Mr. Maxon

"There is nothing more that I can do," said Lou Maxon, quitting the OPA, and perhaps he was right. For the OPA promptly announced its abandonment of grade-labeling for canned goods and hosiery, and its resolve to be guided by Congress and/or business, exactly as Mr. Maxon demanded.

Before he quit the job, the Detroit advertising tycoon and honorary Kentucky colonel who became the OPA's press agent accomplished even more than Republican congressmen could hope for to undermine the OPA. Not content with opposing such major policies of the government agency as must conflict with the interests of his own agency clients, the round, rosy-faced publicity man compelled the resignation of conscientious workers left over from the Henderson days. Almost successful in suppressing a scandal which threatened to wreck his Washington career from the start, he made headlines with criticism of OPA policies.

How did he come to be hired? It is no secret that Congress, divided crosswise against the New Deal, was determined to be rid of Leon Henderson and all that Henderson stood for in the way of hard, statistical, non-political price control. Administration appeasement of congressional critics began with the appointment of ex-Senators Byrnes and Brown to the controlling agencies. Grant that Byrnes and Brown were blessed with views and records superior to those of their colleagues "Cotton Ed" Smith and Clare Hoffman, and you still have important war agencies in the hands of men whose main qualification is presumed ability to weather attacks by congressional committees headed by "Cotton Ed," Howard K. Smith and Kenneth McKellar.

In Maxon they found an administrator who saw eye to eye with Representative Dirksen (R., Illinois) whose contribution to the House attempts to wreck the OPA was an amendment requiring five years' business experience for OPA administrators.

Mr. Maxon started his own business experience as advertising manager for Fyfe's shoe store, in Detroit, at the age of seventeen. At forty-three, as head of a million-dollar advertising agency, he was so well qualified by the Dirksen standard that at first it was thought necessary for him to give only part time to the OPA job, taking on Uncle Sam as a little less than Ford and more than Heinz. But from the first Maxon "clicked," as business puts it, with Prentiss Brown, who faced diplomatic problems in reversing previous OPA policies. As Business Week explained, sympathetically, "Administrator Prentiss Brown can't kill grading until the situation cools."

Lou Maxon was the boy to end what Business Week called "the Phi Beta Kappa era." No sooner had he moved from Detroit to Washington than, smiling cherubically above his polka-dot bow tie, he declared war on three "slide-rulers" or "professors" retained in key jobs as necessary holdovers from the Henderson regime. These men were John Kenneth Galbraith, Paul O'Leary and Harold Rowe, guilty of academic relations with Princeton and Brookings Institution. Mr. Maxon did have some reason to object to the three because, weeks before the ration-point scandal broke, they petitioned Prentiss Brown to remove Maxon as one using "public office to further private interests and private aims." Brown's answer was to promote the sandy-haired press agent, directing that all plans, orders and instructions must clear through Maxon.

With another publicity expert, Martin Dies of Texas, Mr. Maxon shared a tendency to call on the FBI to help toss out the people he didn't like. He said as much to the National Advertising Federation in New York, admitting that FBI men, acting on his order, had investigated the ideas of the "professors" in his own agency, and "traced them to the New Deal and communism." He admitted that he'd like to have the power to fire five hundred men—large, loose, Dies-type figures—still in the OPA.

With a flock of OPA resignations in May and June, it looked as if Maxon was slated for more and more power. First came the walk-out of half a dozen big-business aides, led by Charles H. Fleisher of the A & P, in what was interpreted as an effort by disgruntled food

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wholesalers to wreck the agency. Next, deputy administrators Galbraith and O'Leary resigned or were forced out by Prentiss Brown in one of those I-quit, you're-fired explosions. After Galbraith went, A. C. Hoffman, one of the business advocates of higher prices who resigned with Fleisher, was reinstated as head of the Food Price Section and it was confidently predicted, by others besides Lou Maxon, that Maxon would be made general manager of the OPA.

At this moment CIO leaders in Detroit broke the story of the ration points. Maxon's relations with labor were never good; the OPA labor-policy committee twice asked his dismissal and was expected to resign in a body if he was given increased power. Then President R. J. Thomas of the United Auto Workers supplied concrete evidence to explain labor's objection to Maxon: he sent Prentiss Brown photostatic copies of Detroit rationing board records showing how Maxon, Inc., received some 17,000 ration points for a summer cabin, so-called, on Mackinac Strait.

"Cabin" is a misnomer. Onaway Lodge can shelter a hundred guests, entertain them with games on private diamonds and putting greens, or with water sports on its private beach, and ply them with liquor from three bars. Also, thanks to the Detroit rationing board's obliging issuance of form R-1307 for the agency's playhouse, guests at Onaway Lodge during May and June were entitled to consume 416 pounds of sugar and 169 pounds of coffee, as well as to eat up astronomical point values in processed foods, meats and butter. Lest this allowance be insufficient, the pantry shelves contained emergency rations consisting of 276 cans of vegetables, 240 cans of soup and 120 cans of fruit juices.

If the housekeeper was tactful, much of this material was chosen from Heinz's 57 varieties, the H. J. Heinz company being one of the Maxon agency's biggest clients. It is reasonable to suppose that none of it was grade-labeled, as Mr. Maxon and his clients strongly oppose any such regulation. And although the lodge was ostensibly maintained as a vacation resort for Maxon employees, few common or garden copywriters, layout men or stenographers enjoyed its hospitality. Onaway Lodge at its best was reserved for important "contacts"—Heinz officials or Mr. Harry Bennett of the Ford Company.

To get to and from the North Woods, Maxon's guests naturally drove cars, as did Ford customers over the country. In May, Mr. Maxon issued OPA's short-lived permission for pleasure driving which, in order not to "harass" owners of Fords and Lincolns and other private vehicles, used up some 17,000,000 gallons of gas and forced a suspension of bus service. No slide rules were involved in this calculation.

Then, besides serving well the interests of those who would wreck the OPA from within, Mr. Maxon emerged triumphant from personal embarrassments. The ration-points story was enough to break any ordinary government official. R. J. Thomas, speaking caustically of "lavish week-end parties" at Onaway Lodge, asked that Mr. Maxon "be reminded that our country is engaged in a war." The report of the Detroit rationing board said: "The board does not believe that incorporated hospitality should be favored over the private hospitality of the average home." But was Mr. Maxon's little deal in red and blue coupons tossed about in print with the glee that greeted, say, the Flynn paving-block scandal? Not at all. There were no Lippmann, or Sullivan, no Lawrence, no Mallon, no Sokolsky columns; no funny verses by H. I. Phillips, no cartoons, no paragraphs by Brubaker or Dave Boone. Westbrook Pegler kept silent. Since the CIO broke the story, union papers carried it; so did PM in New York. With the exception of The Post, which covered the story adequately, the other New York papers' coverage was reduced to an AP stickful which, by attributing "a clerk's error" to the rationing board, whitewashed the OPA.

A good public-relations man could foresee this, because, when you think of it, what newspaper or big slick magazine would expose the head of an agency placing contracts for Ford, Heinz and General Electric? Contracts that pay for space whether or not manufacturers need display ads to sell goods in wartime—and so, what do you think they are buying?

In its major features the OPA struggle of course repeated the first big New Deal defeat, the pure-food-law proposals which ousted Rex Tugwell. Grade-labeling was one of the issues back in 1934, and the advertising agencies ganged up right then to stop the wild-eyed brain-trusters whose real handicaps were basic conservatism and professional dignity. Seeing then as now a threat to space-buying, the agencies warned publishers, and newspapers and magazines chased Tugwell from Washington to Puerto Rico, leaving labels ungraded and some luckless citizens to die of food and drug poisoning. All this was accomplished without even putting Bruce Barton in Tugwell's job.

In 1943, a blue-eyed representative of the manufacturers was seated at a government desk, dictating policies while complaining of "Left Wingers or New Thinkers or Tugwellists or whatever you will . . . actively at work in OPA." To a member of the Tru-

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man Committee he revealed his opinion of government and of his job. "Senator," said Lou, "you can't reform a house of ill fame just by changing the operators."

When a man employed by Heinz and Ford is given a policy-making job in a public agency charged with fixing prices of food and gasoline, citizens with gumption enough to read and write must take notice. But on his part, Mr. Maxon found it shocking for "an agency of the government to openly declare that an important merchant's store is an inefficient and costly place to patronize."

With a candor usually confined to Southern spellbinders, Mr. Maxon proclaimed his allegiance. In his attacks on his government, of which the committee repartee just quoted is a fair sample, he was a Detroit version of Sen. "Pappy" O'Daniel of Texas—another salesman unashamed. Pass the biscuits to Pappy, pass the sugar (never mind the ration points) and the applesauce (ungraded) to Lou. Both gentlemen wager their whole careers on the theory that the public mind is a vacuum receptive to whatever a smart salesman puts into it. "The trouble is," Lou said of his enemies the slide-rulers, "these fellows don't understand the American people. I think I do."

Like Pappy and Dies and Paul Joseph Goebbels, Lou Maxon has a low estimate of the American people; Washington, though losing Lou, hasn't decided who is right.

POTOMACUS

Look Who's Planning!

On JANUARY 2, Paul G. Hoffman, president of the Studebaker Corporation, announced the birth of the Committee for Economic Development, American business's contribution to post-war planning. On January 11, the House of Representatives announced its death sentence for the National Resources Planning Board, principal government post-war planning agency. To make the planning ban stick, Congress further directed that none of the NRPB's former functions was to be performed by any other federal agency in any other way.

Congress was, in effect, turning over the direction of post-war planning for American security and well-being to American business, saddling it with tremendous responsibility—the responsibility to prevent post-war inflation, with its subsequent unemployment and general economic collapse, such as followed the last world war, the responsibility to provide for full employment under proper working conditions and at decent wages. In short, here lies the difference between winning the peace and losing it. There is, therefore, a very good reason for taking a close look at the Committee for Economic Development which business has set up to prepare us for post-war emergencies.

The Committee for Economic Development, by its own statement, is a business men's organization "to promote and aid planning for high-level employment and production by commerce and industry in the post-war period." Its board of trustees consists of the following high-powered business leaders:

Chairman, Paul G. Hoffman, president, Studebaker Corporation; Vice-chairman, William Benton, vice-president, the University of Chicago; Will Clayton, cotton merchant, Dallas, Texas; Chester Davis, president, Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis and ex-National Food Administrator; Ralph Flanders, president, Jones and Lamson Machine Company, Springfield, Vermont; Marion B. Folsom, treasurer, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York; Lou Holland, president, Holland Engraving Company, Kansas City; Charles R. Hook, president, American Rolling Mills, Middletown, Ohio; Jay Hormel, president, Geo. A. Hormel, Austin, Minneapolis; Reagan Houston, merchant, San Antonio, Texas; Harrison Jones, chairman of the board of the Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta; Charles F. Kettering, vice-president, General Motors, Detroit; Thomas C. McCabe, president, Scott Paper Company, Philadelphia; Reuben Robertson, executive vice-president, Champion Paper Company, Canton, North Carolina; Harry Scherman, president, Book-of-the-Month Club, New York City; John Stuart, chairman, Quaker Oats Company, Spokane, Washington, and president, Chamber of Commerce.

This group represents a coalition of the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce and independent big and little business men. Three are directors of the NAM; two others come from companies represented on the NAM board; two were closely associated with America First.

The CED is a private organization, self-financed, connected with the government in no way except that Secretary of Commerce Jones inspired its organization and provides it with free office space in his Department of Commerce building in the heart of overcrowded Washington. Its functions are administered by two major subcommittees: a Research Committee under Ralph Flanders and a Field Development Committee under Marion B. Folsom.

Theodore Yntema, an economist of the University of Chicago, directs the research program under the supervision of Flanders and of a research advisory board headed by the well known Harvard professor, Sumner Slichter, perhaps the best collaborator business men have yet found in the academic world. Yntema

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has selected two very able government economists as his assistants, Gardiner C. Means from the National Resources Planning Board, and Howard Myers from the old WPA. These three have laid out an ambitious and praiseworthy program for themselves for the next eight months. They intend to tackle numerous problems related to reconversion, contract termination, removal of wartime government controls, disposal of government-owned plants, and taxes.

It is to be hoped that Means and Myers will substitute more specific materials for the cheery optimism which has been the dominant note in the first two research reports the committee has circulated. The first of these, "Preparing for High Levels of Employment and Productivity," inclined to the step-right-up-and-cut-yourself-a-piece-of-cake kind of production planning. It happily assumes that the crucial problem of post-war economics will be solved, and that there will be full employment if each business man will simply sit down with a pencil and paper, and figure out for himself what his share of production and employment would be under a national output of $135,000,000,000 in the first year of peace. Having figured out his quota, all that remains for each business man under the CED plan is to "determine what lines of action will be necessary to achieve that production and sales volume."

That first "research" report was prepared before Means and Myers were on the job and seems to have been primarily the product of the Field Development Committee. The second report, "Markets After the War," prepared by the Department of Commerce, is guilty of the same kind of oversimplified forecasting.

From the beginning it has been clear that the CED was aiming at a grass-roots, plant-by-plant system of post-war planning, and that its program for stimulating planning by local communities and individual businesses would be carried out through the Field Development Committee headed by Eastman Kodak's Marion Folsom. While the Research Committee and its staff were puttering around from January to June, Folsom and his staff director, C. Scott Fletcher, former sales manager of Hoffman's Studebaker Corporation, were doing a lightning job of regional and state organization. First they appointed twelve regional chairmen for the twelve Federal Reserve Districts of the country. These men were to be the heart of the CED. Then the regional chairmen began to name state and district chairmen, who in turn selected community chairmen. There are already more than three hundred flourishing local committees, and the plan is to have a thousand by fall.

Obviously such a network as this could assume tremendous importance in determining our course for the next few years. Who are the men who will run this machine and in what direction are they likely to turn their influence?

Chairman Folsom comes from a company, Eastman Kodak, which has been a leader in NAM affairs for many years. His boss, President Thomas J. Hargrave, is now a director of the NAM, a director of the newspaper chain run by Frank Gannett, who managed the 1942 Republican campaign, and a trustee of the University of Rochester, whose president and Dean of Medicine were both active members of America First. Folsom appointed twelve regional chairmen of whom one is a former president, one a former director and two are present directors of the NAM, and another is a financial backer of the America First Committee.

What kind of local and district organizations are these men building to plan for America's future? Here are a few samples. Chairman George Crabbs of the Cleveland Federal Reserve District, which will certainly constitute a major reconversion and post-war adjustment area, chose a vice-president and director of the NAM to handle the key Cleveland district of his territory—Wallace T. Holliday, the president of Standard Oil of Ohio. And he chose another NAM director, W. W. Holloway, chairman of the board of the Wheeling Steel Company, to head the Wheeling district. Crabbs is a member of the board of Holloway's company. Regional Chairman Crabbs is also a director of Procter and Gamble, so it was natural for him to name Procter and Gamble's vice-president, B. K. Brodie, as district chairman for Cincinnati. Holloway naturally appointed the vice-president of the Wheeling bank, of which he is a director, to the post of Wheeling community chairman when that layer of the organization was formed. And so it goes. It is not hard to figure out what kind of planning for reconversion, disposal of government-owned plants, removal of wartime controls, or taxation would be favored by Standard Oil of Ohio, Wheeling Steel and Columbia Gas and Electric, but it is hard to see how little business could even get a taste of post-war pie under these circumstances.

Utilities strongly predominate in the Atlanta Federal Reserve district. Carl Wolf, regional chairman, is president of the Consolidated Electric subsidiary of the Atlanta Gas and Light Company. For vice-chairman he chose Tom Johnson, from Commonwealth and Southern's Alabama Power Company. Milton H. Fies, a vigorous enemy of the TVA, is Birmingham district chairman. The president of Electric Bond and Share's New Orleans Public Service has been charged by Wolf with all planning for Louisiana. Associated Gas and Electric was not neglected when community chairmanships were assigned in Wolf's region either. Men from its subsidiaries, Georgia Power, Florida Power and Florida Public Service, are all on Wolf's team.

America Firster Asa Call, West Coast chairman, also has a soft spot for utilities men. In parceling out the districts of his region, he assigned San Diego to a San Diego Gas and Electric Company man, Arizona

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to the Central Arizona Light and Power Company, eastern Washington to Kinsey Robinson, of the Washington Water Power Company, who will undoubtedly know just what kind of post-war plans to make for Grand Coulee and similar developments. Not content with this brilliant and well rounded planning staff, Call chose the general manager of the anti-labor Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce as his regional vice-chairman, and designated Earl Fisher of Pacific Gas and Electric, one of labor's bitterest enemies in California, as San Francisco chairman. The utilities also formed the backbone of another "planning" group a few years ago—the American Liberty League.

There are those who are already willing to say that the CED is not what it pretends to be. They point back to 1916 when, after a congressional investigation of its activities, the NAM, along with eighteen trade associations, took the lead in organizing the National Industrial Conference Board as a new independent body. That "war baby" was established as a "by-product of experience in war-controls and wartime habits of business coöperation," and in the immediate post-war period the NICB was assigned to bring about "unit thinking" among business men. In 1920, L. W. O'Leary of the National Metal Trades Association testified to its success: "The NICB is of great value in that it is bringing about uniformity of thought and action among employers, woefully lacking in the past. We are thinking together."

So those men of another war era thought together. And so came 1929. Those who profess to see a parallel between the old NICB and the new CED are fearful that we are again headed for calamity if the CED is to be our principal protector against it. The kind of plant-by-plant planning for full production and full employment the CED is inspiring is as truly isolationist in character as was the America First movement.

If the United Nations are to be an actuality, the Committee for Economic Development's approach to post-war planning cannot be allowed to prevail. World organization presumes national controls designed to balance international production schedules. To gear our national production after the war to the over-all requirements of the United Nations presupposes a kind of direction and planning which neither the NAM, the Chamber of Commerce nor the CED can supply. If the United States is to be prepared for peace and security at home and full participation in a real world organization as well, a vast and far-reaching planning program must be launched at once. Let those who would block it know that they gamble with our future.

Washington HELEN FULLER

What's Ahead for American Labor?

THE EDITOR of this eminent journal wired could I please do a piece about politics in the labor movement and I answered okay and sat back to pick my teeth and reflect upon this subject, and here several hours have elapsed and I am afraid it would be just as easy to explain Paul McNutt's interpretation of the draft status of married fathers.

Where in the world do you start an analysis of the labor situation? Labor is supposed to be dry behind the ears politically. Yet the boys forgot to vote last November, and reaction won by default. But the Seventy-eighth Congress and a lot of state legislatures have been beating their ears back with hostile legislation, and labor is politically conscious again. Anyway, there's always a lull in congressional elections. They'll turn out again for Roosevelt. But another thing. Labor likes to think of itself not as a pressure bloc like the cash farmers or the Shingle Binders' Association, but as the guts of the country, giving unity to the citizenry. Yet labor itself is unified like a bunch of snarling step-brothers.

However dizzily the cross currents of labor politics zigzag before you, there are three sound premises for any discussion of the immediate political future of labor.

1. Labor is the only mass base upon which President Roosevelt can make book. He himself betrayed a consciousness of that in recent weeks, by vetoing the Smith-Connally bill, and by winning—at least temporarily and partially—his fight for food subsidies.

2. Unless there is complete national unity behind the President, the war effort is to some degree in danger. Disunity may mean inflation; it may mean winning the war and losing the peace; it may condition us to the blandishments of those who will advocate a negotiated peace if the going gets tough in Europe.

3. National unity without labor as the binding agent is not conceivable—to this customer, at any rate. I am speaking of lower-case labor, unorganized as well as organized, and assuming that the bona-fide labor organizations generally reflect the aspirations of all workers.

Labor's big political question then is: Can it attain a unity of spirit in support of President Roosevelt and the war effort, and infect the body politic with that spirit? We are not talking about a fourth term for Mr. Big either, even though that may be in the cards. He's the President now, and there's a year to go before the nominating conventions. The war is going on meanwhile, and the country is suffering from the acute pains of disagreement over domestic affairs.

There are some things in favor of this happy event. First, a good many labor leaders desire unity, and have proved it by shelving the time-honored tools of

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demagoguery for the duration. Second, labor and the President have been brought closer together by the assaults of the inflationists and rabid anti-New Dealers, during that recent parliamentary orgy described by the blander type of editorial writer as the "reassertion by Congress of its traditional independence."

There are other things not favorable to national unity. There is uncertainty over the fate of the economic-stabilization program. There is industrial unrest over the unbalance between stabilized wages and unstabilized food prices. There are the power politics of labor, wherein sacrifice is a horrid word. And then there is the war against the government conducted by that formidable mallet-head, John L. Lewis. During this very week in Washington, President Roosevelt's own good friend, Dan Tobin of the teamsters, is presiding over a committee meeting intended to bring John L. back into the American Federation of Labor, which only goes to prove that in labor politics no man with several million dollars in the treasury and 600,000 votes on a convention floor can really be a wrong guy.

On the plus side of the probabilities for national unity, the leadership of Philip Murray and Sidney Hillman of the CIO shines like a new dime. (I trust that a personal admiration for Mr. Murray does not influence me to partisanship. The leaders of the AFL are no less articulate in their support of Mr. Roosevelt and the members no less patriotic than those of the CIO. But every time a vibrant political breeze blows back the curtains, you seem to catch a view of an AFL leader either marking a deck or conferring with Lewis.)

Two weeks ago Mr. Murray asked Mr. Hillman (who had been for some time inactive in the CIO) to head a political-action committee to rally all win-the-war groups behind the President. Mr. Hillman jumped into the assignment with enthusiasm, and has already scheduled meetings in Philadelphia and Chicago, at which regional leaders of CIO unions are meeting with him and his committee to canvass the possibility of enlisting other labor groups in a program for channeling all currents of support for President Roosevelt.

The fourth-term implications of this committee are obvious, but the prime objective is for unity at the moment. Murray and Hillman deemed such a committee necessary to forestall the talk of a third party which has been emanating from the faction-ridden ranks of the American Labor Party in New York, where Dave Dubinsky and the Communists carry on their thirty-year war. A serious growth of third-party sentiment in the ranks of labor, the CIO leaders felt, would tend to isolate labor psychologically from the rest of the country, strengthen the anti-New Deal elements of the Democratic Party and expose Roosevelt to the enemies of both himself and the labor movement. The left-wingers in the ALP have been fighting the right-wing suggestions of a national third party, on the ground that it would "weaken, divide and confuse pro-Roosevelt support." The left wing of the CIO similarly is enthusiastically behind the political-action committee headed by Sidney Hillman, but it would be merely snide to dismiss the committee as another bit of left-wing effervescence. Murray and Hillman mean business in their pursuit of national unity, and find some hope in the fact that while the pursuit in the top ranks of labor has brought some unhappy experiences, rival labor organizations on the lower levels have cut through the brush in a number of industrial states to find the beginning of unity in political action.

The cost-of-living problem is far from solved. Mr. Roosevelt won a noble fight for subsidies in the closing days of the first session of the Mad Congress, but there is some question whether it is not too late for artificial respiration. The discontent over the maldistribution of food and its mounting cost, in the face of rigid wage stabilization, has been considerable, especially among the lower-bracket wage earners. To ascribe all this discontent to "agents of John L. Lewis" would be merely silly. Nevertheless the discontent has been surreptitiously fanned by local leaders who quite humanly cannot resist the temptation to be demagogic. Lewis, with his old-school labor-faker's line about the bloated profits of the corporations and the shrinking bellies of the miners (read "all labor") has unquestionably derived some prestige from this discontent.

However, despite some wildcat pressure for repudiation of labor's no-strike pledge which developed at the state convention of the CIO in Michigan a few weeks ago, President Murray's leadership appears unimpaired. His position has been straight and loyal in support of the President and his war measures, including the bitter tea of wage stabilization, but he has been no less insistent in the demand to roll back living costs, which have been soaring with power derived from Congress, not from the White House. George Meany, secretary of the AFL (and hopeful of succeeding President William Green) has likewise been strident in his demands for a roll back of living costs.

If the roll back of food prices is not soon effected, then there will be a concerted demand by Mr. Roosevelt's loyal adherents in both CIO and AFL for a hike in the Little Steel formula. If the wage ceiling is raised (and this is not impossible) there will be a pretty political problem of who gets the credit, the CIO, the AFL or Lewis.

Although the AFL leaders like Green, Meany and Tobin beat their breasts protesting their loyalty to the President, the readmission of Lewis and the United Mine Workers to the AFL, in the light of Lewis' savage attempt to wreck the War Labor Board and scuttle the administration's whole war pattern for labor relations, will inevitably induce a little chill at the White House. The President, at a meeting with his labor advisory committee last January, told Green and Meany that he would publicly denounce them if the

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reports of the AFL flirtation with Lewis proved true.

The President and Lewis are heading for a showdown on the coal crisis in the very near future, and Lewis' membership in the AFL, if his readmission goes through, will make a muddled political situation in that organization. The no-strike pledge of the AFL has been the shining banner displayed in all of the public appearances of Mr. Green, and the act is going to be slightly crabbed by the presence of Lewis, who thinks that the no-strike business is pfui.

Lewis has ignored the directive of the WLB to renew his contract with the coal operators. This contract, hailed so fulsomely by Lewis two years ago as a victory for the miners, is now described by him as a "yellow-dog contract." To permit him successfully to flout the War Labor Board's order means the death of that valuable government agency. The WLB's compliance officer, Wayne L. Morse, has been withholding action on other non-compliance cases (including that of U. S. Gypsum, headed by Sewell L. Avery) because the President has not disposed of the Lewis defiance. In short, the WLB cannot enforce its orders until Lewis is settled. One plan for forcing a showdown with Lewis may be to stop the check-off of union dues by the government, which is operating the mines. If the President follows the urging of some of his labor advisers in this matter, and if the WLB meanwhile doesn't weasel out of the contract, the issue with Lewis will be joined. If when this crisis comes to pass Lewis is under the sheltering wing of the AFL, that organization's relationship with the White House will be little less than cloudy.

The President is reported also to be quite willing to have some publicity shed on a Department of Justice file which would embarrass the negotiations to bring Lewis back into the AFL. This file, prepared for Secretary Morgenthau of the Treasury by special intelligence agents of the Internal Revenue Bureau, who combed the UMW books some months ago, contains evidence that mine-union funds totaling more than $200,000 were used several years ago to subsidize an Illinois coal operator in the lockout and "busting" of a local union of the Progressive Miners of America, an AFL affiliate.

Members of the Truman Committee of the Senate have been advised quietly that the President would be quite willing to give permission to Attorney General Biddle to turn this file over to the committee for public hearing. Secretary Morgenthau is reported to have been somewhat nettled by the failure of the Attorney General to do anything about the information turned over to him. In delivering his file to the Attorney General, Mr. Morgenthau felt that there was reasonable ground for a grand-jury investigation to determine whether a conspiracy to violate the National Labor Relations Act had been committed.

It is to be doubted whether the still unsettled problem of Lewis' defiance of the WLB, or the embarrassing material in the Attorney General's file on the UMW, will have any effect on the negotiations for the readmission of the miners to the AFL. If nothing goes awry with the negotiations between Tobin and Lewis, the executive council of the AFL at its August meeting in Chicago will welcome the No. 1 enemy of the administration back into the "house of labor."

The voice and the vote of Lewis at the AFL convention in Boston next October would be joined by the equally resonant voice and the equally heavy vote of another Roosevelt-hater, Big Bill Hutcheson of the carpenters, who initiated the movement to kiss the Sage of Alexandria back into the AFL, and thus pave the way for a fight to the death with the CIO. The political attitude of the top men in the AFL will have little clarity if the chips fall as indicated.

Aside from the considerations involving the joint weight of Lewis and Hutcheson in the organization, the political direction of the AFL in 1944 is already confused by the jurisdictional issue. The AFL won a stunning victory in the closing days of Congress over the National Labor Relations Board, which it has fought bitterly because of the crumbling of craft-union lines before the decisions of the board. The AFL lobbied through a rider to the NLRB appropriation bill forbidding the board to challenge any collective-bargaining agreement which has been in effect ninety days. The purpose of the rider was to close the Kaiser shipyards case. Some of the CIO leaders were privately satisfied to have the Kaiser case washed up, because it was feared that if the NLRB forced an election in the shipyards, the workers would vote for no union. But in forcing the NLRB out of the Kaiser case, the AFL has caused to be validated every company-union contract in existence, if it is more than ninety days old. It has also sabotaged some important pending cases of Dave Dubinsky's International Ladies' Garment Workers, and caused acute anguish in these AFL quarters. In the railroading of the rider on the NLRB appropriation bill, it was an open secret that AFL lobbyists informed congressmen that the organization would forget their vote on the Smith-Connally bill if they voted to do a job on the National Labor Relations Board. But President Green later told Joe Ryan's longshoremen's convention that every member of Congress who voted wrong on the Smith-Connally bill was marked for political death in 1944. How the AFL resolves this problem remains to be seen.

If this account tends to be a little confused, it is the subject and not me. The President recognizes his need of the continued support of labor. He unquestionably will have that of the CIO. But how any real unity can come over the rival houses of labor and seep through them to the rest of the country for political solidarity behind the President and the war effort is more than can be predicted at the moment.

EDWIN A. LAHEY

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Washington Notes

Bertie on a White Horse

I HAVE BEEN OBSESSED all week with a mental image of Col. Bertie McCormick running for the presidency. Mr. Willkie must have started it. There is only one way of relieving a neurosis, so I will set it down. I see the ruddy-faced Colonel making his campaign, not as lesser men do, but astride a horse, yes, a white horse, carried, let us assume, in a special box-car attached to his candidate's train. He would use it for making triumphal entrances into halls and auditoriums, and perhaps in getting between railroad sidings and baseball parks.

That is the picture that has been haunting me. I feel sure that the Colonel would not dress as other candidates do. No, there would be something commanding and spectacular; he would toy negligently with a riding whip and go through the election in a bowler cap and pink riding pants. Everywhere he went, of course, there would be genuflecting Tribune reporters.

What a political parade it would make! After the first motorcycle cops there would be a big black car, I think, filled with all the members of the Dies Committee. Marching sturdily along on foot would come Ham Fish, promised the Secretaryship of State. Cissie and Colonel Patterson would ride in respective open barouches, with calliope attachments. Many, many familiar faces would be in the line of march. And then finally would come the Colonel himself, astride his charger, with a placard fastened to the trappings on its flank telling how many more days were left in which to save the country.

You can see what a haunting vision it is. It is made up in part of curiosity. Here in Washington the press corps has never been quite able to figure out whether the Tribune Bureau took its boss seriously. The answer probably is, sometimes yes, sometimes no. There was that classic incident after the Hoover campaign. Poor Mr. Hoover had been supported by the Colonel. Then the evening before his inaugural address, the speech was given out and wired to Chicago. Came the clear, terse response from the Colonel to his admiring bureau; a telegram so short, so military, so pointed, that there could be no doubt of its authenticity. Only five words to dispose of the unfortunate Hoover: "This man will not do!"

It would certainly not be an enviable job to be a Tribune reporter while Bertie was running for any office. Instructions would go out to be "absolutely objective." And a full staff of legal talent would, no doubt, accompany the special train to make sure that the objectivity never verged on the libelous.

Colonel McCormick is one of those gaudy American half-fictional characters who are so painstakingly wrong-headed, and so humorless, that it is hard not to forgive them a little. Take, for example, the problem of the Colonel and the war. To Bertie, Pearl Harbor was practically a personal affront. To him, World War II was an intolerable imposition. He has worked out a formula toward it now. Of course he does not believe in socialistic experiments like war rationing, grade labeling, subsidies, tire restrictions and things of that sort. But he has found a method of combating them. He ridicules and decries the Washington program until popular support for it in his area is sapped, and then he blames the self-generated collapse on the ineptitude and fumbling of the New Deal bureaucrats.

Suppose someone like Colonel McCormick is the Republican candidate. The campaign progresses; there are now only three more days to save the country; then two more. Finally it is the day itself. And here my imagination bogs down. Would the McCormick Party sweep the land?

Seriously speaking, I have a strong hunch that if the war is over by next fall (the European phase, that is) almost any Republican candidate will win, whether Mr. Roosevelt runs or not. With a chance like that, no wonder Willkie has seized upon the Colonel's suggested candidacy as a heaven-sent opportunity. A new America First group in Chicago, the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee, has been trying to persuade the coy Colonel, it seems, to enter the Illinois primary. But that is just the chance Mr. Willkie has been waiting for. So eager is he that he gave out his own typed question-and-answer as to what he would do if the Colonel ran—he would go personally to Illinois, and stump the state against the American Colonel Blimp.

Colonel McCormick will indeed be useful if he brings the split within the Republican Party out into the open. As an answer to the Nationalist Revival group the anti-isolationist Republicans have formed their own organization, with Dineen Watson, of Chicago, as chairman. This is the Republican Post-War Policy Association, which recently held its Eastern organization conference in New York.

It is hard to say at what point this changes from good clean fun into a serious national matter. It is quite possible that Bertie McCormick will be the instrument for precipitating the final Republican decision on post-war policy. Republicans in Congress have made a strikingly isolationist record by and large. How the party members outside feel about this, if they understand it, is anybody's guess. I have a sneaking belief that Bertie—though his national candidacy would be a joke—might beat the "foreigner" Willkie in a primary fight in his own Illinois bailiwick. I would be glad to see Willkie get the nomination. But even if he did, and got elected too, there would be the discouraging certainty that in his very success he would sweep back into office many isolationist Republicans on his own coat-tails.

Republican managers have always shown more skill than have the Democrats in sweeping the dust of party disagreements under the carpet. Look how Warren Harding obfuscated the League issue. Observers here now are breathlessly watching Chairman Spangler trying to cover up the isolationist rift, and he will do it if there is not too much interference. The obvious political play will be to pick a dark-horse candidate, committed to neither side. Mr. Bricker is clumsily preparing himself for that role if some more subtle fence-sitter is not picked.

This is the very game Willkie is trying to break up. And there is a chance now that Bertie McCormick may, in his own curious way, be of great usefulness to his country. He may dramatize the very issue once and for all which the anguished managers of his party are urging him, for God's sake, to hush up.

Washington T. R. B.

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When the Pie Was Opened

"STAGE DOOR CANTEEN" is an extravagant vaudeville-movie in which the few actors left in the world who aren't in the movies get half a chance not to murder themselves on the screen, and millions of people who aren't in big cities or the money get half a chance to see them. It is full of fine, enjoyable performances by famous stage people, a plot which is interesting in the same way a carnival freak is, and individual concerts by approximately 352 bands, including Guy Lombardo's. Clearly, about the second hour, it will remind you of those Mack Sennett automobiles into which an endless, unbelievable parade of people enter. It is, however, one of those rare times when stage actors are sufficiently taken care of by the screen—their material well prepared as movie material, the camera remembering that stage actresses are here movie actresses and must be shot in a movie way (the fact that stage actresses do a lot of talking has never been a reason that the camera must stand there and listen to them), and their acts given enough screen time to get over.

Gypsy Rose Lee steals everything without removing anything but a garter belt and derolling her stockings neatly, expertly and with one finger. It isn't burlesque, but Miss Lee projects as much rare and gracious femininity by face, timing and voice as Katharine Hepburn projects the opposite at the end of the film with the same means. Miss Lee's is the most excellently turned, buoyant and delightful movie playing I've seen this year. Equally surprising is Katherine Cornell in quite a tough spot: she is dishing out the desserts over the Canteen counter when a piquant rosebud of a soldier breaks into Romeo and Juliet and they go to it over the chocolate cream. Hers is much more grimacing and mouthing than one associates with movie playing, but it is one of those singular times on the screen when it comes off as love, sadness, desire, and not facial gymnastics called Shakespearean. Ethel Merman's is a much smaller chore, but even this she swells out into something that is the best part of joy, getting full bounty from the worst lyric of the war.

The finesse of these actresses and the way the movie uses them raises doubts as to whether the screen has explored the emotional depths to be achieved with plain acting, the voice in the foreground. The technique of movie playing lately has been toward the negative side of the physical demonstration of emotion. It is obvious from this film that stage acting, if correctly timed and integrated into the movie image, needn't come out at all theatrical and blown up as in the early days of Lionel Barrymore. There is, to take the voice only, an enormous difference between what is done by these actresses and, for instance, Gary Cooper in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." The Misses Lee, Cornell and Ina Claire project a certain emotional state, while Cooper's natural speaking of lines, if not properly directed, denudes situations of their particular meaning. I am making not a plea for theatricals but for a retreat from the path of barrenness the movies are increasingly pursuing. If the spoken word need not necessarily be fruity, it might at least get clear of the state it has been put in by the Lamour contingent.

Another thing that is clear from this movie is that the jazz band will replace the movie player and the jazz singer the jazz band. Perhaps it is a conspiracy to swell the sales of aspirin.

Tossed in with the abandon of Diamond Jim Brady is a plot. Several unpleasant people have been gathered together to impersonate several unpleasant characters around the theme that a soldier won't get past the porters in New York without being hooked by a Canteen girl. What happens is that the movie, with lots of boys and girls, unable to be free and easy sexually and still wanting sex to be its theme, falls way over on the most unpleasant side of sex—the tongue hanging out, straining after, grasping for the kind of love which never reaches its goal. If this technique were used for a theme that was actually concerned with sexual teasing it would be perfect, but here it leads to such distorted idiocies as the boy writing the girl who gave him one very small kiss, "You made a man out of me."

The picture offers a number of suggestions for round-table discussions, such as why a good war song has such a powerful effect on the screen in spite of almost any degree of terrible accompaniment in acting. Also, if producers feel that audiences won't take Menuhin whole, why do they have him at all (he is here to play "The Flight of the Bumble Bee")? And is there such a thing as an average type of person from a section, state or city, and must the movies, to establish this, go on calling such a person "Kansas," "Dakota" or "Jersey"?

Whatever you want to see, in this movie you'll see it.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

On the record it cannot be claimed that Congress has fought President Roosevelt. – *Westbrook Pegler's syndicated column.*

Senator "Happy" Chandler of Kentucky says it's as futile to try to persuade him that Japanese Americans can be loyal to the United States as to persuade him that "General Bob Lee and all of our boys shouldn't have cleaned up on the No'therners." – *From The San Angelo, Tex., Standard-Times.*

There is no doubt that Robert McCormick is an extremely charming character. I think America today needs many more characters like this Chicago veteran. – *The Tokyo Radio, as quoted in The Atlantic Monthly.*

For How Long?

LIFE-SAVING RUBBER COVERALL SUITS made by Goodall Rubber Company, Trenton, are protecting 85,000 American merchant seamen. In less than one minute these suits can be donned and closure drawn to keep the sailor snug even at the bottom of the sea. – *From The Nation's Business.*

Total-War Department

But while she's dodging the war on the screen, Joan [Crawford] is a busy war worker as recruiting chairman for the War Dog Fund. She's enlisting home dogs, ineligible for front-line duty, for noncombatant ranks. If you want your dog to be a private, you pay $1. A major is $20, brigadier-general $50, and a general $100. – *From The San Francisco News.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

A Methodist on the Catholic Church

SIR: . . . During the difficult war and post-war period just ahead, it occurs to me that all social forces should be weighed for their attitude on three basic sets of problems, those centering on (1) labor, (2) race and (3) internationalism.

On all of these scores the practices of the Catholic Church in the United States and England are far and away the most progressive of the major religious bodies. The official resolutions of my own Methodist Church include ringing affirmations of labor's rights and social equality. But most of our preachers can't or don't do anything about it, and nearly all of our churches are Jim Crow, and our leading laymen vote for anti-labor, isolationist congressmen. The Catholic clergy, however, very generally supports and even assists in the unionization of its membership, most Catholic Churches are not Jim Crow, and our best congressmen on most international questions, by and large, come from industrial Catholic constituencies.

. . . Every blast at the Church . . . makes the role of the progressive minority in Catholic circles that much more difficult in trying to win support from the parochial conservatives on issues of race, labor and internationalism. Somehow I can't remember when The New Republic—and I qualify as a "Constant Reader"—has told any of the great stories of the battles led, waged and won by Catholic progressives.

MONROE SWEETLAND, Director,
National CIO Committee for American and Allied War Relief
Washington, D. C.

Profits in Wartime

SIR: George Soule, in his article, "The Profit Stays in War," in the May 31 issue does not quite succeed in discovering what profits in wartime "mean to the government, labor and the cost of living."

His choice of the munition makers as his only example of profiteers in a war economy was unfortunate. An adequate survey of the question should encompass industries which have a more direct impact on the cost of living than does the munition industry. Costs and prices in munitions are much too closely scrutinized by the government to make them a fair illustration of war profiteering. . . . It would have been more fruitful to observe profits in the clothing, textile, food and service industries. The poor armaments industries may not be making any money, but someone certainly is. The problem, it seems to me, is not fairly stated unless we seek out those industries that are making the profits.

The general implication of the article is that profits have little effect on the inflationary spiral. I beg to differ with Mr. Soule. An increase in profits tends to stimulate business activity and trade turnover, especially during the upswing in war production. Industries closely related to war production will, of course, be less subject to such influences. They are carefully watched and cannot, or perhaps will not, expand. Production is necessarily determined by the rigid requirements of war. Industries indirectly related to the manufacture of war material are, however, less carefully controlled. And the latter industries are the ones that exert an immediate effect on the cost of living. Within the limits imposed by a war economy, individual firms will compete for available supplies. The increased profit strengthens their market position and the intensified economic activity that results begins to press on the cost of living.

The discussion of the use of accounting reserves as a means of understating profits overlooks one point that may be significant. In so far as such reserves are built up in the form of liquid assets, particularly cash, they may swell the basis upon which the banking system expands credit. There is no disputing the fact that the greatest contributing factor toward inflation is borrowing from the banks by the government. Cash held by the banking system determines in part the amount of borrowing that may be undertaken. The larger the cash reserve, the greater the borrowing, and the greater is the ultimate effect on the price level. Indirectly, therefore, profits may play quite an important part as a cause of inflation.

The only influence of profits, Soule finds, is psychological. Labor, he says, doesn't want to know anything about the economic theory of profit. Labor's only worry is the downright unfairness of profit in wartime. But the economic theory of profit has little application in wartime and labor understands that idea quite easily. The profit motive, presumably, encourages the expansion of markets and the search for the largest number of customers. If the government, however, is the only buyer, as is the case in many war industries, what justification is there for profits? What risk does the manufacturer take for having his market guaranteed by the government? What, then, remains of the theory of profits in wartime?

Yet all this does not touch at the heart of the argument. The assertion is made that labor's increased purchasing power is largely responsible for the increased cost of living. The belief that labor is getting all the cream is one that must be tested by facts. An unbiased examination of the available data on consumer income and expenditure will show that such a statement varies considerably from the actual situation. Data compiled by the OPA research division on the distribution of consumer income and consumption for 1941-42 and the figures for consumer income and consumption for 1935-36 gathered by the National Resources Committee reveal the following facts:

1. There is no denying a continual upward shift in incomes since 1935. Such a swing upward reflects the improved general economic picture.
2. Despite this improvement, 21 percent of the population is still earning incomes of less than $1,000 per year.
3. An additional 48 percent of the population earns incomes of between $1,000 and $2,500 per year. The total income earned by both groups in 1942 was but 35 percent of the total income earned by all groups.
4. The greatest gains in earnings were made by those receiving over $2,500 per year. Such groups received 64 percent of the income. They represented 30 percent of the population.

But income, it may be reasonably argued, does not necessarily mean pressure on prices. The question is, who does most of the spending? The data on expenditures gathered by the same agencies shows the greatest increase in spending being made by groups earning from $3,000 to $5,000 per year. One would have to go far to prove that all labor is earning wages of that size. The statistical data, albeit provisional, cast doubt on any statement that the workingman is the cause of inflation.

If we are to mop up the available spending power we must find out where the flood really is. Analyses of the American tax

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burden show that it is regressive in the lower income brackets, progressive in the higher brackets and proportional in the middle brackets. The solution to the problem seems clear. The greatest available spending power is to be found in the $3,000 to $10,000 income groups. Those people have the lightest tax burden. It is from them that the greatest spending pressure is exerted.

Brooklyn, N. Y. BEN B. SELIGMAN

SIR: To take up Mr. Seligman's points in order:

1. The munition-makers were not chosen as the only examples of profiteers. The very first tables in the article covered "all active corporations." If separate figures had been available for the food, textile and clothing industries, they would have been presented. However, it is of interest to most people to know something about the profits of munition-makers.

2. Mr. Seligman misrepresents the conclusion of the article, which clearly stated that large and increased profits are shown on the face of the figures, and that there are concealed profits in addition. The only statement about the effect of profits on the inflationary spiral referred directly to the munition-makers, whose profits do not appear to increase the cost of living.

3. Though it is a minor point, Mr. Seligman is mistaken in the assertion that the cash reserves of the banks limit their ability to buy government bonds. Government borrowing from the banks is not limited by any such consideration, but depends on the amount the government needs from this source.

4. Mr. Seligman restates my assertion on the psychological influence of war profit, making exactly the same point.

5. It is true that the middle and upper incomes in 1941-42 showed a greater *percentage increase* than the lower ones. Nowhere did I assert that labor is "getting all the cream." I do not think there is any question, however, that by far the largest *volume* of consumer purchasing power is now in the brackets from the middle incomes down, and that simply taxing the gains of those who make $3,000 and up would fail by a wide margin to close the inflationary gap. Mr. Seligman has only to consult the payroll totals to see that this is so.

New York City GEORGE SOULE

Letter from Austria

SIR: Your readers may be interested in the text of a letter recently smuggled out of Austria.

Stockholm, Sweden GUSTI STRIDSBERG

We are afraid that you might believe that we Austrians have become Germans. Don't make that mistake. We have never cared for the "Prussians" in the past and we hate them now. They treat us like a conquered colony but at the same time they have a marked inferiority complex in all their relations to us. These five years have been a nightmare for Austria but they taught us to know ourselves as well as them. They tried hard to make us hate the Jews but only succeeded in making us despise the Prussians. Our people work with disgust and as inefficiently as possible for the war machine. The DAF-officials (Deutsche Arbeitsfront) are completely isolated and everybody distrusts them. Only 15 percent of the Austrian population are Nazis. The youth is sick of them, of the war and the terror. They are beginning to revolt. Students at the universities have started an organized opposition which is spreading from town to town.

Catholic priests defend the rights of the Church—sometimes even by force. We know priests who threatened Nazi intruders in church with a revolver, when the latter tried to disturb mass. Actors and musicians are deadly enemies of Nazism, which orders them about like Prussian soldiers. Shopkeepers have to work in the war industry and had to give up their stores—you can imagine their feelings. Women whose husbands have fallen at the front have organized demonstrations of protest against the hated SS-men who sit in the most expensive restaurants and behave like rulers of the universe. We call them the "grave-diggers."

You would not recognize our beautiful Vienna. The coffee houses—they used to be the most characteristic feature of public life—are empty. Nobody wants to be seen there because the Gestapo watches out for such "idlers" to mobilize them for work—and who wants to work for murderers? In the streets you see shabbily clothed women and mostly bearded men. Shaving has become a rare luxury because razors are unobtainable and soap scarce. Many workers told me that they keep their last decent clothes for the day of "Austria's liberation"! Hospitals are brimful and every month new barracks have to be built for the wounded. All of them are Germans. The Austrian wounded are sent to Czecho-Slovakia and Silesia in order to deceive our people as long as possible about the terrific losses and casualties. The Nazi system has not only perverted the morals of many Austrian girls but also increased the venereal diseases. But the reaction of the people against the new laws of German morals is very strong indeed: girls who have love affairs with Nazis are shunned and those who marry Germans are treated by us like traitors. Underground activity of the opposition is growing daily but I dare not write about it for fear of giving any hint to our enemies. If this letter reaches you safely you must tell our friends that we have but one slogan: A free Austria! And but one wish: to be treated by the Allies after this war like a country which was occupied by the Germans.

The Flag-Salute Case

SIR: A correspondent has made the point that, in view of the context, Mr. Justice Frankfurter's statement in the recent flag-salute case that "I believe that never before has this Court changed its views as to restrict the powers of democratic government" should be taken as confined to direct and explicit overrulings. Thus confined, there are not many exceptions, and most if not all have since been recanted. It would have been better if I had said [The New Republic, July 5] that the statements were put too broadly than that they were far from true.

Cambridge, Mass. T. R. POWELL

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Mrs. U. L. Hobbs, of Chicago, and Elwood Brown, of Alhambra, California, have written us their opinions of Victor H. Johnson's article, "The Coming Rebellion of Labor" (The New Republic, June 21). Mrs. Hobbs points out that labor and its leaders ". . . still seem completely unaware of their share in the responsibility for the conservative trend of Congress. . . ." She urges labor leaders to point out to their membership the importance of congressional elections. Mr. Brown holds strikes to blame for the recent actions of Congress and states that ". . . the feeling of the general public . . . is overwhelmingly in favor of the anti-strike bill. . . ."

John W. Reps, of the American Red Cross at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, has called to our attention an interesting editorial which appeared in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch of June 23. The editorial records the action taken by the Springfield, Missouri, Chamber of Commerce in the support of the FSA, and comments favorably upon this unusual event.

Isaac Rosengarten, editor of The Jewish Forum, New York City, has sent us a copy of a proposal to help establish a lasting peace, when the war is over, by proclaiming peace from Mt. Sinai. "On the spot where God revealed the Ten Commandments, the world is to be reminded 'that these commandments must be observed' if peace and order are to rule supreme. . . ." All nations, including the Axis, should send representatives.

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A Simple Inquiry

ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT that the flood of books about the war would show signs of subsiding by now, the profitable saturation point having been reached. But the law of diminishing returns appears to have been suspended and week by week the flood deposits anywhere from five to a dozen books by foreign correspondents, by traveling statesmen and business men, by members of the armed forces (particularly the airmen) and by innocent bystanders. Judging from the publishers' fall catalogues, the end is nowhere in sight. (I am happy, however, to see that of the thirty books promised between now and December by symptomatic Simon and Schuster only one is specifically of the *genre* I have been discussing.)

How is a weekly magazine to cope with this deluge? The demands of journalism require that a Willkie or a Rickenbacker be dealt with. Past performance indicates that a Sheean be reviewed. Reading their newspaper dispatches one anticipates good books from a George Weller or an Ira Wolfert. *Réclame* alone demands that "Queens Die Proudly," "Combined Operations" or "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" be noticed. But what of the vast bulk of books of this type? Too often the most ballyhooed turn out to be pretentious claptrap, or the book for which high hopes are in order falls far below its author's capabilities, as in the case of the latest Sheean book. Isn't then the reverse possible: that here and there among the less heralded books is one of distinction, possessing some survival value in a world of ephemera? Of the war books I have encountered, by far the best is James Lansdale Hodson's "War in the Sun" (New York: Dial Press. 449 pages. $3), which was a critical and popular success in its native England, but has been largely ignored by American reviewers and has had a very small sale since its publication here a month ago. It is not a great book, but it is perceptive, shrewd, deeply democratic and, of equal importance, well written.

But to wade through a score of badly written, ill digested books to discover one "War in the Sun" is too large an order for a war-book-weary reviewer. Until publishers stop operating on the esthetic theory that one war book is as good as another, and the economic theory that any book about the war might have the success of "One World"—until something is done to check the flood at its source—The New Republic serves notice that its readers will have to discover for themselves whether "I Know That My Redeemer Flieth" surpasses "God Is My Co-Pilot," or whether "Fifty Seconds in Moscow" bears comparison with Zenophon and de Caulaincourt. We have other fish to fry.

Is it too much to hope that book advertising copy have some usable relation to reality? A business firm can be enjoined from selling inferior tomatoes under a Grade A label or from claiming that its mixture of, at best, harmless herbs will check motorman's bladder. Is it fair that a stringent *caveat emptor* still be imposed upon readers of books? Why can't even the feeble Pure Food and Drug Act be extended to cover book advertising and, before I forget, a lot of book reviewing? GEORGE MAYBERRY

Books in Review

The Grammar of Facts

IN HIS OWN somewhat narrow field, which is that of depicting curious characters, Joseph Mitchell is the best reporter in the country. Some of his favorite subjects are Bowery angels, barflies, small-time Broadway sports, coffee-pot poets and Calypso singers. He writes about them with more sympathy and factual precision than you will find in the recent biographies of any famous authors or statesmen. In his new book, "McSorley's Wonderful Saloon,"[1] there is not a trace of condescension. He says in an author's note, after explaining that these portraits were first written for The New Yorker, "The people in a number of the stories are of the kind that many writers have recently got into the habit of referring to as 'the little people.' I regard this phrase as patronizing and repulsive. There are no little people in this book. They are as big as you are, whoever you are."

They are in fact as big as life, because they are shown in perspective against their proper backgrounds. Mitchell's collection of portraits is the exact opposite of the books that choose an important subject, but are hastily written and have nothing much to say. These books, which form the bulk of current writing, always make you feel as if you had paid for looking into the wrong end of a telescope. Mitchell, on the other hand, likes to start with an unimportant hero, but he collects all the facts about him, arranges them to give the desired effects, and usually ends by describing the customs of a whole community.

Commodore Dutch, the subject of one portrait, "is a brassy little man who has made a living for the last forty years by giving an annual ball for the benefit of himself." Mitchell doesn't try to present him as anything more than a barroom scrounger; but in telling the story of his career, he also gives a picture of New York sporting life since the days of Big Tim Sullivan. The story called "King of the Gypsies" is even better. It sets out to describe Cockeye Johnny Nikanov, the spokesman or king of thirty-eight gypsy families, but it soon becomes a Gibbon's decline and fall of the American gypsies; and it ends with an apocalyptic vision that is not only comic but also, in its proper context, more imaginative than anything to be found in recent novels. "I just can't wait for the blow-up of the whole entire world," says Cockeye Johnny. "It's going to bust wide open any day now, ask any gypsy, and I don't give a D-double-damn if it does." Still another portrait, that of my old friend, Joe Gould, has for its background "the cafeterias, diners, barrooms and dumps of Greenwich Village." Here the method is exactly that of the early Renaissance painters who, when depicting a rich land-

[1] McSorley's Wonderful Saloon, by Joseph Mitchell. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 253 pages. $2.50.

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owner, liked to open a window and show the peasants working in the vineyards and olive fields of his estate.

Mitchell himself has a curious background for a man who specializes in genre pictures of metropolitan life. He was born on a cotton and tobacco farm in the North Carolina lowlands, not far from the Little Pee Dee River. As a boy he fished for blue bream in the swamps, hoed corn and chopped cotton in his bare feet. He still likes to go barefoot in his New York apartment, although the rug doesn't feel as cool and springy as the soil of a cornfield after a light rain. At the University of North Carolina, he wrote for the college paper and had a story accepted for publication in the third edition of "The American Caravan"—the same volume that contained the first published work of Erskine Caldwell and Robert Cantwell. It was a story in which the hero whispered to the cold winds, "Would to find a wine as wild as the boar is wild in the swamp deep in winter." He fell in love with a field woman, but you never heard her name or saw her face; in fact you weren't quite sure whether she was white or colored. Everything in the story was twilight, mood and strong lyrical feeling.

In the stories that Mitchell has been writing during the last few years, everything is action, factual statement and direct quotation. There are no moods or mysteries, no wraithlike women and no intrusions by the author, who now pretends to be merely a recording device. A good example of his behavioristic writing is the first paragraph of a portrait called "Mazie":

> A bossy, yellow-haired blonde named Mazie P. Gordon is a celebrity on the Bowery. In the nickel-a-drink saloons and in the all-night restaurants which specialize in pig snouts and cabbage at a dime a platter, she is known by her first name. . . . She has a wry but genuine fondness for bums and is undoubtedly acquainted with more of them than any other person in the city. Each day she gives them between five and fifteen dollars in small change, which is a lot of money on the Bowery. "In my time I been as free with my dimes as old John D. himself," she says. Mazie has presided for twenty-one years over the ticket cage of the Venice Theatre, at 209 Park Row, a few doors west of Chatham Square, where the Bowery begins.

Mazie is a character who, allowing for a distance of three thousand miles and a hundred years, might have come straight out of Dickens. Almost all the subjects of Mitchell's portraits are essentially Dickens people, and therefore it is interesting to compare this paragraph with another in which Dickens introduces two of his favorite characters:

> Mr. and Mrs. Veneering were bran-new people in a bran-new house in a bran-new quarter of London. Everything about the Veneerings was spick and span new. All their furniture was new, all their friends were new, all their servants were new, their plate was new, their carriage was new, their harness was new, they themselves were new, they were as newly married as was lawfully compatible with their having a bran-new baby, and if they had set up a great-grandfather, he would have come home in matting from the Pantechnicon, without a scratch upon him, French polished to the crown of his head.

After Dickens hit upon the phrase "bran-new" to describe the Veneerings—if he had been an American, he would have said "brand-new," which is etymologically sounder—everything else was a rhetorical development out of this one idea. None of it was observed or recorded, except possibly the baby; it was all the product of Dickens' inexhaustible verve. If Mitchell had been writing the paragraph, he would have started by saying, "The Veneerings were newly rich people with a brand-new baby"; then he would have gone on to tell how much they paid for their house, where they bought their furniture and the sort of polish used by their three housemaids to make it shine. The style would be businesslike and completely unobtrusive.

I am tempted to wonder whether this New Yorker method isn't typical of our age and whether we haven't entered a period when even authorship has become an impersonal and collective undertaking. In Mitchell's factual writing, it is hard not to see an image of the factual lives we lead, under the dictatorship of numbers, statistical averages and mass movements. Yet perhaps this impression of Mitchell is merely superficial. Reading some of his portraits a second time, you catch an emotion beneath them that curiously resembles Dickens': a continual wonder at the sights and sounds of a big city, a continual devouring interest in all the strange people who live there, a continual impulse to burst into praise of kind hearts and good food and down with hypocrisy. Unlike Dickens, he represses this lyrical impulse, but it controls his selection of details. You might say that he tries—often successfully—to achieve the same effects with the grammar of hard facts that Dickens achieved with the rhetoric of imagination.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Without Wisdom

The Philosophy of G. E. Moore, edited by Paul A. Schilpp. (The Library of Living Philosophers, Vol. IV.) Evanston, Ill.: The Northwestern University Press. 732 pages. $4.

IT IS THE INTRIGUING INTENT of the Library of Living Philosophers to provide the means by which "great living thinkers" will be faced with "searching questions" and given an opportunity to reply. The results have not been, and do not promise to be, very exciting. Half of the thinkers selected for consideration in the eight volumes so far planned are significant not so much for what they think as for their industry, reputation, influence or style. Few of the questions asked in the first four published volumes were profound, and the answers they provoked have added little to what is already known.

The real value of the volumes lies neither in the questions nor in the answers they contain, but in the conscientious biographies, revealing autobiographies, exhaustive bibliographies and splendid indices they offer in addition. This is perhaps as much a fault of the nature of philosophy and of the times as it is of the Library, for there are not many philosophers of distinction in any day and certainly not in our own, and those who take them seriously are today few in number. The Library moves on at the astounding pace of a fat volume a year and is forced, in order to have material enough to go to press, to define as philosophic critics those professors of philosophy who can write under pressure. It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that it will continue in existence indefinitely, improving its technique in time. Some day, perhaps, it will have occasion to face a philosopher of magnitude with really searching questions and prompt him to reply in a way which will illuminate what was dark before.

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The first volume of the series was devoted to John Dewey. Most of the criticisms were based on misunderstandings and are important only because they enabled Dewey to state once again, from a new angle, what he had often said before. The second volume was on Santayana. Here the critics had happier hunting. Very much in harmony, they raised in multiple ways the difficulties that beset anyone who attempts to make a philosophy out of Santayana's epigrams and voluminous asides. Santayana in reply wrote what is perhaps his best and most sustained philosophic paper, but came out more or less where he had entered, with the questions unanswered. He confessed an unwillingness to face ultimate questions, and in this strange decision persisted to the end.

What is most needed today is an opportunity to get a clear and definitive answer by Whitehead to the problems and questions which have troubled most of those who have studied him. Whitehead is at once the most profound, the most original, the most difficult and the most misunderstood of modern philosophers. Unfortunately, most of the critics who wrote on his views in the third volume of the series remained on the surface, and Whitehead, ill at the time, allowed the book to go to press without a reply from him.

By careful selection and an adroit use of the index, a careful student will be able to extract something of value from each of the first three volumes. But it is doubtful whether anyone will profit from a similar use of the fourth, devoted to G. E. Moore.

G. E. Moore is a fellow and professor emeritus of philosophy at Trinity College, Cambridge, a professor in residence at Swarthmore, the superb editor of Mind (the best of our philosophical journals), the author of some thirty technical articles and of a short book (and a revision) on ethics. He is the leader of an almost defunct school of English common-sense analytic philosophers, and is known in the academic world for his sensitivity to the meaning of common words, his persistence in pressing his point, his modesty and his power of self-criticism. The sum of his affirmations embraces little more than the contention that there are external relations and an external world, that philosophers are not always clear as to what they mean, that there are real values and that good is a simple quality. The rest of his work consists mainly of questions as to just what a given philosopher meant by some isolated though central remark. Rudolph Metz, the distinguished historian of English philosophy, has called Moore, "the greatest, acutest and most skilled questioner of modern philosophy" though "an extremely weak and unsatisfying answerer."

Struggle and twist as one may, it is impossible, on the basis of Moore's writings, including those contained in the present volume, to make them add up to a philosophy. He says of himself, "I do not think that the world or the sciences would ever have suggested to me any philosophical problems. What has suggested philosophical problems to me is things which other philosophers have said about the world and the sciences." He has concerned himself, moreover, with only a few philosophers, and those mainly contemporary. "I have spent more time," he writes, "in studying what Russell has written than in studying the works of any other single philosopher." His ethics does "not investigate assertions about human conduct, but assertions about that property of things which is denoted by the term 'good' and the converse property denoted by the term 'bad.'" The business of ethics "is finished when it has completed the list of things which ought to exist, whether they exist or not."

Beginning as Moore does, at one remove from what is real and vital, it is inevitable that he should have little more to say about the world than what he knows as a common-sense man. As a common-sense man he is hard-headed and sound, and holds on doggedly to the world of daily experience in the face of the follies of more brilliant philosophers. Being concerned, however, more with becoming clear than with becoming wise, he makes no advance on his starting point, unless it be an advance to state obtrusive truths in a complicated and obscure way.

None of the critics in the present volume offers, as did some of those in the earlier ones, an account of the world or of human existence which a man might ponder, though some of them do remark that there are serious omissions which Moore's procedure and attitude entail. One-fourth of his 142-page reply is devoted to a single critic, while a half-dozen of the more acute are passed over in about as many pages. The whole is a testimony of the error of dealing with isolated problems and the meaning of words rather than with the world in all its richness and complexity.

A work of this kind is more important for what it means than for what it says. It reveals that there are many professional intellectuals who, despite disagreements, contentedly call one a philosopher who is admittedly unfertile. Such men have nothing vital with which to withstand any living idea, no matter how corrupt and distorted. But they

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also have not strength enough to outlast their own day. A philosopher without a primary concern for wisdom and a method without content have not the sinew to oppose a driving interest in what goes on in fact. Into the vacuum which they leave behind it is fortunately always possible that something of substance will rush. What that substance might be can be known, not by studying the words of philosophers, but their insights and the world those insights disclose. It will be a hopeful sign if men turn from this book to the writings of philosophers like Dewey and Whitehead and use their wisdom as a means for getting a better grip on the world about them. PAUL WEISS

In Search of an Author

Trio, by Dorothy Baker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 234 pages. $2.50.
The Handsome Heart, by Peter de Vries. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 216 pages. $2.50.
Till I Come Back to You, by Thomas Bell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 219 pages. $2.
Heaven Is a Sunswept Hill, by Earl Guy. New York: The Macmillan Company. 220 pages. $2.50.

"TRIO," by the author of "Young Man with a Horn," attempts to explore the dramatic possibilities of a young girl's intense attachment to an older woman, and her struggles to break away in order to marry a young man. This is interesting material for a novel, as Elizabeth Bowen demonstrated in "The Hotel." But here the relationships are marvelously simplified. Concerning the affair between the girl and the man, we are told only that she likes Rimbaud and he likes Louis Armstrong, but they love each other anyway. The affair between the two women is even less complicated. Mrs. Baker has only to whisper the horrid word "Lesbian" and everything is explained: the girl is merely the victim of an evil woman. Visions of decadent French poets are invoked; the crack of a whip is heard amidst the delicious popping of champagne corks and the rending of orchids.

In fact, the victim is so very innocent and the seducer so very wicked that the plot burlesques itself. Should she confess her degradation to the young man who offers marriage? Ah, but he will never forgive her. As she feared, "she heard his voice, muffled but strong: 'Take your lousy mitts off me, and get out of our house.' " But the triangle resolves itself: one renounces, the other relents, and the villain commits suicide. Instead of a novel, Mrs. Baker has written a very competent problem play, whose function is not, after all, to illuminate problems so much as to supply answers.

Peter de Vries, an editor of Poetry Magazine, has on the other hand not done a competent job at all, but he has an artist's awareness of complexity and the honesty which asks questions. He begins from a sound proposition: that the imaginary line between sane and insane is drawn by legal convenience and social expediency. A young man escapes from the state hospital to which his greedy brother has had him committed, meets a girl, becomes innocently involved in murder, and runs away to continue a reckless, compulsive affair with his brother's wife. When he discovers her conniving in his brother's suicide (this moral murder contrasted with the accidental one), he returns to the girl who loves him and together they rather improbably persuade the hospital doctor to discharge him as sane. But when he is brought to trial for the accidental killing, his only chance is to plead insanity. Back goes the girl to the doctor, who this time is persuaded to declare him insane, and so he is committted once more.

So far so good; the plot is an excellent indictment of our legal system. But the book trails off in a confusion which is only partly psychiatric. If the central character had been fully conceived as a person, we would never have required the diagnosis which the author tries so unsuccessfully to give. Sometimes the hero is "neurotic," and a Freudian mechanism is introduced (urge to possess the older brother's wife). Again, mysterious "delusions" are hinted, in order to contrast these with the financially profitable delusions of the sane. Finally it all seems to be just a weakness which can be faced up to like a man, with will power. But if his actual relations with other people had been clearly presented, we should have had all the material needed for diagnosis, as well as for art.

From the confusion a number of poetic insights emerge, but always when Mr. de Vries is writing like a novelist and not making like a poet. He is capable of such good observation as "The ash tray was scrubbed with one twist of the napkined finger, like a child's ear," but whenever he approaches an emotion, dialogue and action stop and we tread the stale rhythms of polite poetical diction. These lyrical lapses, however, are less indicative of Mr. de Vries' poetic talent than his total conception, which is good.

Thomas Bell's new book is a disappointment to at least one admirer of his earlier "All Brides Are Beautiful," though he has assembled the same background and almost the same cast. "Till I Come Back to You" attempts to compress, into one family Sunday in Brooklyn, the ugliness of a whole vast marginal life, caught between the middle-class dream and the sour reality. This family is only a notch in security above Isherwood's Berliners, in whose presence you may feel recognition, disgust, amusement, pity, or a great anger and terror. With Mr. Bell's people I, for one, was conscious mostly of embarrassment, as if an emancipated young man had taken me to visit his parents. He is continually in the way, nudging, interpreting, pointing up their vulgarity. In spite of his awareness of social cause and psychological effect, and his shrewd observations of people, Mr. Bell is too impatient. He does not give his family enough time to talk and act for themselves, which they do very vigorously, but is constantly interrupting with hasty unimaginative summaries.

In "Heaven Is a Sunswept Hill," Earl Guy has written a striking first novel about a Mississippi flood, and the incredible sleepless hardship of the men who fight it. They are the inhabitants of the floodlands, half-farmer, half-navigator, with a scow moored to the house, fighting only one battle in a chronic war. Action is shown in sharp physical detail, both in the collective heroism at the levee and later in the single fight to save family and livestock; but I wish Mr. Guy had looked at his people with the discrimination he devotes to natural phenomena. As it is, the most interesting character in the book is the Mississippi. The struggle is certainly unequal, but it is not men against a river, it is a river against those brave puppets of oppression who live only in novels. MARJORIE FARBER

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A Place on Earth

Tenants of the Almighty, by Arthur Roper. Photographs by Jack Delano. New York: The Macmillan Company. 402 pages. $3.50.

THIS IS A CROSS between a picture book and a book of print. Edwin Rosskam, who made the design for "Home Town," Sherwood Anderson's last book, conducted the hybridization, an engaging experiment, incompletely successful.

Rosskam either did not try or was unable to prevail over custom in the opening form. In consequence we have the conventional map end-paper senselessly repeated fore and after, two blank pages, three title pages, two pages that whisper in small type the rigmarole of copyright, a photographic frontispiece entirely out of line with the photographic sequence, and then a four-line poem:

"We are tenants of the Almighty, entrusted with a portion of His earth to dress and keep and pass on to the next generation." It is a good poem. Louisiana Dunn Thomas, a Negro farmwife, wrote it. But why break it into four lines and give it an entire page, in ladylike italics? Bureaucracy is said to be fumbling and wasteful in its approaches. What may be said of conventional publishers, attempting a new form of book? And we are not yet through with the fumbling. Pages vii-x (another piece of conventional swank, this little Roman numbering) are a Foreword. The author bows and scrapes and palavers, thanking his wife, God, the government, Will Alexander, Roy Stryker, several foundations and, of course, the office girl who located the missing semicolon.

Manners, of course, are manners, but if we have become so bold as to experiment with new book forms, why not remove such acknowledgments to the back of the book? Or omit a Table of Contents? Or start the book on page 3, or even on page 1, the cover, as government publications often do? It is page xv in this one before the collaborating author, photographer and publisher stop wasting paper.

Once started, the work is grand. No other photographer, not even Dorothea Lange, can show shining through a body of land, or buildings, or hands and backs and faces, the living spirit of the people more clearly than Jack Delano. In seventy-eight plates of photo-pages, to the accompaniment of Raper's flowing captions, the reader is given a summary of the book in advance. It is the story of a piece of land, Greene County, Georgia; of its birth as fertile soil, its decline almost to the point of death through war and tariffs and a slovenly agriculture; and the beginnings of a resurrection of the land, the life, the people, and the spirit of the people, from the ground up.

The captioning is distinguished and sagacious. Under Plate 10, men and women hoeing cotton, Raper comments simply: "To break and cultivate one acre of cotton we walk forty miles." The author and photographer are at one in a burning sense of compassion for the poverty-stricken subjects of King Cotton, and for the heart-breaking humility and courage of their efforts to improve. Plate 26 shows farmers meeting in a rickety church to talk of their troubles and how to mend their ways. The County Agent is in the pulpit, talking gardens, privies, fly-screens and the need for every cropper family to tend a cow, a sow and some hens. Above his head is an arch rudely inscribed,

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"Christ is Risen." I think it was a mistake to have a further caption under this picture, or the one of the rickety Negro child facing the camera so gamely on Plate 33.

By Plate 78, however, limitations of this technique begin to appear. The account is exciting and moving, but thin in detail and jumpy. At this point Raper takes over single-handed and writes 402 pages without a picture on them. This is the third book he has written about Greene County, and his best. Here is one sociologist who really can write. He loves the South, and hates it, because he loves it so. All that is rancid in its economic and racial heritage; all that is brave and beautiful in the South's past and its present hope and prospect, he understands. "You soon learn not to laugh at privies in Puerto Rico," an FSA field man once told me. To sophisticated readers the length that Raper goes to tell of even a screen door repaired or a porch straightened may seem excessive. It does not seem excessive to me. By a multiplicity of small advances at the ground-line, the Cotton South is making the turn upward, and no one knows this better than Arthur Raper. I have made fun, a little, of his too lengthy, or misplaced, Foreword. To make amends, I wish to quote the closing paragraph:

> We leave Greene County with the hope that our efforts while here will make it a little easier for our neighbors to live on over into a better day. We leave, too, with the hope that one spring we will come again to this hard-pressed and hopeful county of Greene—to make a garden, gather eggs, milk a cow or two, ride a white horse, listen and learn what has happened since we went away.

RUSSELL LORD

A Reader's List

DUEL FOR THE NORTHLAND: THE WAR OF ENEMY AGENTS IN SCANDINAVIA, by Kurt Singer (McBride, $2.75). This sequence of anecdotes carries the dramatic quality associated with immensely powerful persons who sacrifice Their All, including public honor, for the cause of nationalism. It includes snapshot biographies of such German and Russian agents as Horst von Pflugk-Hartung, Ernst F. Wollweber, Werner Best, Vidkun Quisling and Wilhelm Carnaris. It explores, in a non-technical way, the small secret means of large historic change, the underworld of international espionage and intrigue, as centered in the battle for domination of the Baltic.

LIBERTY AND LEARNING, by David E. Bunting (American Council on Public Affairs; cloth, $3; paper, $2.50). Dr. Bunting's competent and detailed study, essentially a history of the American Civil Liberties Union's activity in education, points out that academic freedom is but part of the wider issue of the defense of fundamental civil liberties. No one will deny that the ACLU's efforts were important in lifting reactionary restrictions on both teacher and student. Yet the fact that it was not always successful against the most subtle forms of pernicious group pressure emphasizes the necessity of first educating our educators. And that education, Dr. Bunting states, can best begin with a more effective unionization of teachers.

THE FARM BLOC, by Wesley McCune (Doubleday, Doran, $2). The farm bloc is our one indigenous political group whose nature seems almost completely amorphous. Mr. McCune's pungent work succeeds admirably in laying bare the skeletal structure of that entity. In a sprightly, yet never flippant, style he describes the curious conglomerate of personalities and organizations that make up the farm bloc. His narrative, which certainly will not be received with much favor by the National Grange or the Farm Bureau, clearly depicts the sorry spectacle of avarice and double-dealing engendered by the pork-barrel politics of self-styled farm leaders. Allied as they are in an unholy union with some of the most frantically reactionary elements in America, they would gladly sacrifice national interests for the sake of an ever increasing parity price. Mr. McCune is to be congratulated on giving us one of the finest studies of American pressure politics.

A COÖPERATIVE ECONOMY, by Benson Y. Landis (Harpers, $2). The search for a middle passage between the Scylla of unbridled private enterprise and the Charybdis of bureaucratic state control has long perplexed social scientists. Dr. Landis offers a number of practical suggestions pointing toward a solution of the problem. Like the Scandinavians, he would establish a middle way by extending the principle of voluntary coöperation. Briefly appraising the role of labor unions, professional organizations, independent business and New Deal agencies in the modern economy, Dr. Landis derives an imposing list of the citizen's economic rights and duties in the coöperative commonwealth. He believes that more "coöperation between coöperators" and more education for consumers will provide the chart for the middle passage. The book fails, however, in its effort to show how current institutions may be integrated with a coöperative economy. It can serve, nevertheless, as a useful introduction to the principles of coöperation.

TRUE CRIME STORIES, edited by Anthony Boucher (Pocket Books, 25 cents). This splendidly edited collection of famous murder cases is a must for students of crime fiction. Chapters include the murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, as told by Raymond Postgate, a wonderful account of the life and activities of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, by Oscar Wilde, William Roughead's "To Meet Miss Madeleine Smith" and "The Strange Case of Euphrasie Mercier" (basis for the play and movie, "Ladies in Retirement"), by H. B. Irving.

Contributors

ENRIQUE L. PRADO is a pseudonym.

POTOMACUS is a pseudonym that is used on articles about Washington personalities and events, when for various reasons it is inexpedient to reveal the name of the author.

EDWIN A. LAHEY is a member of the staff of the Washington Bureau of The Chicago Daily News. He is one of the country's leading labor reporters.

PAUL WEISS is a professor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr College. He is now completing a book on Ethics.

MARJORIE FARBER was until recently a staff writer for Science Service. She collaborated for a year (1938) with Professor Samuel Cross of Harvard, translating Pushkin and Bunin lyrics, and has done editing and book-reviewing in Washington for the journal, Psychiatry. She is now working on a book of poems.

RUSSELL LORD is editor of The Land, a quarterly. Also, as corresponding editor of The Progressive Farmer, he conducts "Country Voices," a department of exchanged opinions among nearly a million farming families in the South.

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